

MARCH 1921

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# ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

MAGAZINE

OF

MYSTIC

KNIGHT

RAY'S FROM THE ROSE CROSS

MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

THE COSMIC MEANING OF EASTER  
SUCCESS—A SPIRITUAL ALLEGORY  
THE IMPORTANCE OF CONSTRUCTIVE  
THINKING  
THE HOLY SPHERE OF THE SIGN  
CANCER  
THE NEEDLESS WAR ON TONSILS  
OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO THE  
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# ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP MAGAZINE



Rays from the Rose Cross

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel



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## Contents

### THE MYSTIC LIGHT—

	Page
Sermons That We See (Poem) Edgar A. Guest	403
The Cosmic Meaning of Easter Max Heindel	403
Success—A Spiritual Allegory Dorothy Woods	406
The Importance of Constructive Thinking Mary—Abby Procter	411
The Rosicrucian Fellowship Not Af- filiated with the Catholic Church	412
Our Responsibility to the Children of Today C. H. P.	413
The Seven Steps in Spiritual Un- foldment Dr. E. L. Hodges	416
The Path Harriet Schwartz	417
The Doctor's Dilemma—A Story of the Unknown Realms Prentiss Tucker	418
Was It You? (Poem) Stewart I. Long	420

### QUESTION DEPARTMENT—

The Necessity for Spiritual Con- centration	421
By What Agency Was the Earth Controlled before Christ?	422
The Fertility of Seeds	422

### THE ASTRAL RAY—

The Holy Sphere of the Sign Cancer Margaret Wolff	423
--	-----

The Children of Pisces, 1921	Page 427
Your Child's Horoscope:	
Delineations:—	

James Fraser S.	428
Carl M. T. (Vocational)	429
Astrological Question Department	429

### STUDIES IN THE ROSICRUCIAN COSMO-CONCEPTION—

The Rosicrucian Catechism Alfred Adams	431
---	-----

### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT—

A Mt. Ecclesia Fairy Story, P. B. E.	433
The Story of Gypsie Anita Rau	434

### NUTRITION AND HEALTH—

The Needless War on Tonsils— Sugar and Surgery. Dr. David H. Reeder	435
Menus from Mt. Ecclesia,	437
Recipes	437
Rosy Cross Healing Circle:	
Testimonials	438
Healing Dates	438

### ECHOES FROM MT ECCLESIA—

Impressions of Mt. Ecclesia Patsey Ellis	439
The Training School for Lecturers	440

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# The Mystic Light.

## Sermons That We See

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day,  
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely  
tell the way.  
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than  
the ear,  
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always  
clear;  
And the best of all the preachers are the men  
who live their creeds,  
For to see good put in action is what everybody  
needs.

When I see a deed of kindness I am eager to be  
kind,  
When a weaker brother stumbles and a strong  
man stays behind  
Just to see if he can help him, then the wish  
grows strong in me  
To become as big and thoughtful as I know that  
friend to be;  
And all travelers can witness that the best of  
guides today,  
Is not the one who tells them, but the one who  
shows the way.

I soon can learn to do it if you'll let me see it  
done,  
I can watch your hands in action, but your  
tongue too fast may run.  
And the lectures you deliver may be very wise  
and true,  
But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what  
you do;  
For I may misunderstand you and the high  
advice you give,  
But there's no misunderstanding how you act  
and how you live.

One good man teaches many, men believe what  
they behold;  
One deed of kindness noticed is worth forty  
that are told.  
Who stands with men of honor learns to hold  
his honor dear,  
For right living speaks a language which to  
every one is clear;  
Though an able speaker charm me with his  
eloquence, I say,  
I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one any day.  
—Edgar A. Guest.

## The Cosmic Meaning of Easter

MAX HEINDEL

**I**N THE MORNING of Good Friday, 1857, Richard Wagner, the master-artist of the nineteenth century, sat on the verandah of a Swiss villa by the Zurich Sea. The landscape about him was bathed in most glorious sunshine; peace and good will seemed to vibrate through nature. All creation

was throbbing with life, the air was laden with fragrant perfume of budding pine forests—a grateful balm to a troubled heart or a restless mind.

Then suddenly, as a bolt from an azure sky, there came into Wagner's deeply mystic soul a remembrance of the ominous significance of

that day—the darkest and most sorrowful in the Christian year. It almost overwhelmed him with sadness, as he contemplated the contrast. There was such a marked incongruity between the smiling scene before him, between the plainly observable activity of nature, struggling to renewed life after winter's long sleep, and the death struggle of a tortured Savior upon a cross; between the full-throated chant of life and love issuing from the thousands of little feathered choristers in forest, moor, and meadow, and the ominous shouts of hate issuing from an infuriated mob, as they jeered and mocked the noblest ideal the world has ever known; between the wonderful creative energy exerted by nature in spring, and the destructive element in man, which slew the noblest character that ever graced our earth.

And while Wagner meditated thus upon the incongruities of existence, the question presented itself: Is there any connection between the death of the Savior upon the cross at Easter, and the vital energy, which expresses itself so prodigally in spring when nature begins the life of a new year?

Though Wagner did not consciously perceive and realize the full significance of the connection between the death of the Savior and the rejuvenation of nature, he had, nevertheless, unwittingly stumbled upon the key to one of the most sublime mysteries encountered by the human spirit in its pilgrimage from clod to God.

In the darkest night of the year, when earth sleeps most soundly in Boreas' cold embrace, when material activities are at the very lowest ebb a wave of spiritual energy carries upon its crest the divine creative "Word from Heaven" to a *mystic birth* at Christmas; and as a luminous cloud the spiritual impulse broods over the world that "knew it not," for it "shines in the darkness" of winter when nature is paralyzed and speechless.

This divine creative "Word" has a message and a mission. It was born to "save the world," and "to give its life for the world." It must of necessity sacrifice its life in order to accomplish the rejuvenation of nature. Gradually it *buries itself in the earth* and commences to infuse its own vital energy into the millions of seeds which lie dormant in the ground. It whis-

pers "the word of life" into the ears of beast and bird, until the gospel, or good news, has been preached to every creature. The sacrifice is fully consummated by the time the sun crosses its Easter(n) node at the spring equinox. Then the divine creative Word expires. *It dies upon the cross at Easter*, in a mystical sense, while uttering a last triumphant cry, "It has been accomplished" (*consummatum est*).

But as an echo returns to us, many times repeated, so also the celestial song of life is re-echoed from the earth. The whole creation takes up the anthem. A legion-tongued chorus repeats it over and over. The little seeds in the bosom of Mother Earth commence to germinate, they burst and sprout in all directions, and soon a wonderful mosaic of life, a velvety green carpet, embroidered with multi-colored flowers, replaces the shroud of immaculate wintry white. From the furred and feathered tribes "the word of life" reechoes as a song of love, impelling them to mate. Generation and multiplication are watchwords everywhere—*the Spirit has risen*—to more abundant life.

Thus, mystically, we may note the annual birth, death, and resurrection of the Savior as the ebb and flow of a spiritual impulse which culminates at the winter solstice, Christmas, and has egress from the earth shortly after Easter when the "word" "*ascends to Heaven*" on Whitsunday. But it will not remain there forever. We are taught that "thence it shall return," "at the judgment." Thus when the sun descends below the equator, through the sign of the scales in October, when the fruits of the year are harvested, weighed, and assorted according to their kind, the descent of the spirit of the new year has its inception. This descent culminates in birth at Christmas.

Man is a miniature of nature. What happens on a large scale in the life of a planet like our earth, takes place on a smaller scale in the course of human events. A planet is the body of a wonderfully great and exalted Being, one of the Seven Spirits before the Throne (of the parent sun). Man is also a spirit and "made in their likeness." As a planet revolves in its cyclic path around the sun whence it emanated, so also the human spirit moves in an orbit around its central source—God. Planetary or-

bits, being ellipses, have points of close approach to, and extreme deviation from, their solar center. Likewise the orbit of the human spirit is elliptical. We are closest to God when our cyclic journey carries us into the celestial sphere of activity—heaven—and we are farthest removed from Him during earth life. These changes are necessary to our soul growth. As the feasts of the year mark the recurring events of importance in the life of a Great Spirit, so our births and deaths are events of periodical recurrence. It is as impossible for the human spirit to remain perpetually in heaven or upon earth, as it is for a planet to stand still in its orbit. The same immutable law of periodicity which determines the unbroken sequence of the seasons, the alternation of day and night, the tidal ebb and flow, governs also the progression of the human spirit, both in heaven and upon earth.

From realms of celestial light where we live in freedom, untrammelled by limitations of time and space, where we vibrate in tune with the infinite harmony of the spheres, we descend to birth in the physical world where our spiritual sight is obscured by the mortal coil which binds us to this limited phase of our existence. We live here awhile; we die and ascend to heaven, to be reborn and to die again. Each earth life is a chapter in a serial life story, extremely humble in its beginnings, but increasing in interest and importance as we ascend to higher and higher stations of human responsibility. No limit is conceivable, for in essence we are divine and must therefore have the infinite possibilities of God dormant within. When we have learned all this world has to teach us, a wider orbit, a larger sphere of superhuman usefulness, will give scope to our greater capabilities. "Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul, As the swift seasons roll, Leave thy low vaulted past; Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, Till thou at length art free, Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

Thus says Oliver Wendell Holmes, comparing the spiral progression in the widening coil

of a chambered nautilus, to the expansion of consciousness which is the result of soul growth in an evolving human being.

But what of Christ? someone will ask. Don't you believe in Him? You are discoursing upon Easter, the feast which commemorates the cruel death and glorious, triumphant resurrection of the Savior, and you seem to be alluding to Him more from an allegorical point of view than as an actual being.

Certainly we believe in the Christ, we love Him with our whole heart and soul, but we wish to emphasize the teaching that Christ is the first fruits of the race. He said that we shall do the things He did, "and greater." Thus we are Christs-in-the-making.

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,  
And not within thyself thy soul will be forlorn.  
The cross on Golgotha thou lookest to in vain,  
Unless within thyself it be set up again."

Thus proclaims Angelus Silesius, with true mystic understanding of the essentials of attainment.

We are too much in the habit of looking to an outside Savior while harboring a devil within; but till Christ be formed in us, as Paul says, we shall seek in vain, for as it is impossible for us to perceive light and color, though they be all about us, unless our optic nerve registers their vibrations, and as we remain unconscious of sound when the tympanum of our ear is insensitive, so also must we remain blind to the presence of Christ and deaf to His voice until we arouse our dormant spiritual natures within. But once those natures have become awakened, they will reveal the Lord of Love as a prime reality; this on the principle that when a tuning fork is struck, another of identical pitch will also commence to sing, but tuning forks of different pitches will remain mute. Therefore the Christ said that His sheep knew the *sound* of his voice and responded, but the voice of the stranger they heard not. (John 10). No matter what our creed, we are all brethern of Christ, so let us rejoice, the Lord has risen! Let us seek Him and forget our creeds and other lesser differences.

## Success—A Spiritual Allegory

DOROTHY WOODS

**S**TANLEY BECAME aware that he was in possession of his normal consciousness, and the realization was pleasant. As the first faint light of dawn makes evident the objects in an unfamiliar room, so conditions about him impressed themselves upon his mind. Silence enveloped him. Caressingly it bathed his senses. For a long time he lay in appreciation of the everlasting peace, of the existence of which that silence assured him.

Next he knew that about him was light, warmer than moonlight, but milder than that of the sun by day. It was as if some vast, unobtrusive scheme of indirect lighting concealed the sun.

Next, Stanley's consciousness was struck by the fact that he was lying on a couch in a sort of out-door pavilion of simple design, roofless and of white stone, about twenty feet square, and edged with clusters of little columns. On three sides there was a vista of greensward dotted with groves. The horizon, quite close, was screened by a bank of clouds of white and softest gray. There was about the whole an atmosphere of peace, of welcome, yet of softly breathing anticipation.

Stanley, reveling in the beauty and simplicity but too languid to turn and look, wondered what lay behind the clouds. As if in answer there came the first inharmonious note, a mutter, far away yet ominous, with the suggestion that at nearer range it would become a roar. It was disturbing. Stanley was irritated while he strove to analyze the sound. It was not the familiar surly rumble of guns. It linked itself with his past, yet evaded him. It died away.

Reassuringly came a new sound. It was as if, unseen, the members of a symphony orchestra had taken their places near by; and now arose the poignantly tender, long drawn out notes of violins. They were playing an air so indescribably satisfying that Stanley knew it for his own, though he had never heard it before. It weaved about him the fabric of his dreams, the very essence of his individual ideal-

ism at its purest and best. It was an overture to his hopes.

Those strains worked like gentle fingers unbinding the chains which had held him as if in the stupor of an anesthetic. He listened with keener delight, smelled the odor of flowers far away, turned his head and saw sitting at his bedside—Stanley asked himself if here were a celestial trained nurse.

She was a girl, very beautiful, in a white uniform of severest simplicity. In her face there were combined the perfect modeling of early youth with the mature expression of the woman who has weighed emotion and found herself.

Stanley painted in imagination a red cross on the front of her little white head-dress. Though he had not uttered a word, she smiled with friendliness, and shook her head. She had read his thought.

Stanley reflected that he must be cautious, must behave well. He moved his glance from the satisfying picture, turned his head and saw at the opposite edge of his couch a second girl, equally lovely, whose face lighted as he looked. Alike as twins, two sisters, two little sentinels, there they sat, devoted and alert.

The music had undergone a subtle change. It was brighter, lighter, swinging along with a decided happy rhythm as in a passing mood of playfulness.

The two sisters grew intent. They leaned closer to Stanley's bedside; with a thrill he let his thin fingers touch their hands.

"He is ready. Remember, there must be no time lost."

He knew that neither had spoken, but the thought had passed between them, and he decided on a simple inquiry.

"Ready for what?" he asked softly.

Without answering, they smiled at him indulgently as mothers smile when a child would anticipate a surprise.

Stanley was silent, watching them as they left him and wheeled a white screen into his range of vision; the music was continuing un-



obtrusively as if reiterating the unanswered question.

Suddenly there flashed upon the screen a representation of Stanley himself as he had appeared in his country's uniform. The watcher stared as though he saw pictured a stranger instead of the reflection which he had grown used to and had always hated for its very lack of the beauty he adored.

There was the slim, ungainly body with its stooping shoulders and large-knuckled hands, the face rough-hewn and convex, with trusting brown eyes, and lips too delicate for a man; the overdevelopment of the forehead above the root of the nose so pronounced as to appear deformed, the coarse hair, the wistful expression, the whole a sort of pathetic, unanswered human interrogation point.

Stanley guessed what was to come. The two attendants leaned over him with an unspoken question:

"Would you like us to go away?"

"No!"

His fingers closed about their friendly hands. After all, he reflected, his failures had been clean.

Now there was flashed upon the screen a picture that took him back over twelve years. He saw himself, a boy of thirteen, sitting at a red cloth covered table in a small and meagerly furnished room. He was counting little coins to the sum of two dollars and seventy-five cents, the savings from many an errand and minute self-denial for the accomplishment of the first step on the road to the realization of his ambition. He was to become the world's greatest sculptor. That money he had saved to buy a marvelous book, the key to his heart's desire. It had lain in a secondhand book shop window. The hope of owning it had been as food to the boy, who had treasured its presence there. As he put the money into a pile, there appeared his mother. Weary and spent, she looked at him with the well remembered stare of incomprehension, worn to patience. At sight of the money, tears filled her eyes and she smiled, relieved, lovingly. Her lips moved. The question came back to the man who watched. "Where did you get it, Gerry? If you can earn

that much"—the tone changed to one of happy speculation—"I can depend on you for half the rent *every* month!"

The boy put the money into her hand. Insignificant but tangible, the first failure had been written on his destiny. *And he had begrudged the gift.*

The scene changed. Stanley saw himself at twenty, cheaply clothed, his body ill nourished and awkward, his expression exalted. Staring dreamily at invisible beauties, he stood on the wide steps of the Academy of Fine Arts, with stately bronze doors behind him. The watcher choked over the memory of the close of that day of real work for himself. Even the odor of locust trees and the faint screams of children, roller-skating, returned, for they had mingled inextricably with his happiness.

Before the art student could descend the steps, a child accosted him. It was his twelve year old niece, his sister's child, in whose little face, care had chiseled lines of maturity. She was past tears. Her lips moved: "Father has been killed. A crane in the machine shop struck him. Mother says you will take care of us."

Hand in hand the man and the child had passed forever from the Academy steps. That was the second failure. And Stanley had not given up willingly. He had hated the obligation.

Another scene. Stanley as he had appeared fifteen months before in an attic, whose central object was a lump of clay on a pedestal. With incredible labor he had again prepared the way for a beginning. He was modeling the dream of his life, the creation that should become the world's most famous statue, the perfect human figure which should hold aloft the symbol of success.

Nothing yet had been accomplished. The clay was scarcely touched. Feverishly engrossed, the young man proceeded to work.

There appeared the inevitable interruption. This time it was a man, a friend older than Stanley, wearing the uniform of his country. A newspaper in his hand bore the announcement of the declaration of war. His lips moved, reminding the artist that he was within the draft age, and hinted at the possibility that he might escape the call. The friend went away.

Stanley, sitting on his couch, watched himself go through the hour that followed that interview. Dimly he was aware that the little sisters were holding his hands, that the music had become a murmur, yearning, anxiously consoling as that of a mother singing to a sick child.

At length the man in the picture lifted his face from his hands and rose. Thoughtfully he wrapped his clay in its wet cloth. Stanley knew why he could not let his fingers touch it lingeringly, why his motions were abrupt. Slowly the young man closed the door, locked it, stood with his back against it. This time his own lips moved: "I'll be hanged if I wait for the draft!"

Stanley, watching, was conscious of no exaltation in the memory of that moment, only of a sullen acceptance of his fate; he had felt weighted down with an immensity of bitterness, self-pity, and resentment. It was his third failure.

The last picture was but a glimpse of shell-torn ground where, through a shifting smoke curtain, the soldier, Stanley, was seen wounded, struggling under the weight of a comrade, crawling feebly back toward his own lines, soon to lie still. Then came darkness and the white screen, blank as before.

It was over. Stanley felt that he might have been spared the repetition of his failures, thrown up to him, as it were, in all their futility. He had a sense of injury, as if the painful experience had been without value.

There came an instant of complete silence. Even the music was hushed. Then Stanley heard again, distinctly though still from a distance, the sullen mutter. It was like a prolonged vibrating crash.

Bewildered, almost frightened, he turned to look for the source of the sound, but the music rose again hopefully, the quick movements of the girls lured his glance. They were pushing the screen away as if its usefulness were at an end.

And where the screen had stood—it was incredible! Stanley brushed his hand across his eyes, stared, drew a shaking breath, looked from one to the other of the sisters who were again beside him, smiling, gazing too, in admiration.

There stood before him the figure of his earthly dreams, the statue of a man, life size. Its flawless beauty would have put to shame the Praxiteles Hermes or the incomparable productions of St. Gaudens and Rodin. The material of which the statue was composed transcended alabaster as alabaster transcends clay. The arms were outstretched, but the hands were empty.

To conceal the tumult in his breast, Stanley looked from one to the other of his attendants and scowled.

"Why has my dream been executed by others?" he asked truculently. "That wasn't fair. He is mine."

"You are right," they agreed silently. "You made him."

"You expect me to believe that? I'm not crazy."

One spoke in a tone so lovely that it seemed a part of the accompanying music.

"What you thought were failures translated themselves into good deeds. That statue is your spiritual archetype. You are not expected to understand, only accept."

Already the thrill of possession was warming Stanley's heart. Lovingly, his artist's eye considered the statue.

"He is superb," he admitted, "but incomplete. His hands are empty. See—he is without the symbol of success."

The sisters consulted each other's expression, but they exchanged no thought. Again one spoke:

"That is true. Do you realize it so soon?"

Stanley felt as if she had patted him on the head and said, "Bright boy!" He was nettled.

With an effort he rose from his couch, and staggering, flung away from them petulantly. He approached the thing of marvelous perfection that no earthly hand could have wrought, and moving about, considered it.

Subconsciously he now perceived a certain tension in the atmosphere. The music was agitated, reflecting uncertainty. The two sisters approached with solicitude.

Suddenly Stanley felt impelled to say:

"The work is incomplete. Get me more material. I'll put into his hands the symbol of

success and make him perfect. I've the ability. Let me try."

The music expressed a hint of mockery, but the girls obediently pushed forward a block of exquisite material and handed him the necessary tools. One of them whispered with almost nervous haste:

"Your time is short. Make the most of it."

Stanley was filled with an eagerness which was not without its element of anger. He felt keenly his impotence, as if fate were cheating him again. Luck was against him, as it had always been. He hesitated, looking at the girls' apprehensive faces.

"Hurry, hurry!" their friendly thoughts urged him gently.

He groped. He could not determine what the symbol of success was to be. A book, a light, a musical instrument—all those he cast aside as inadequate . . . Now he had it! It should be a sword; the sword of might defending right, the emblem of victory in the successful struggle, age-long between evil and good.

"It shall be a sword!" he cried, and snatching the tools, turned to the block which awaited his initial stroke.

But the music had risen in a turmoil of negation and protest. The two little sisters withdrew.

Stanley, now on his mettle, began to work with furious speed. He was driven to a frenzy by the music, the necessity for haste, the stubborn resolve to accomplish his own purpose.

Now the outline of the sword began to reveal itself under his clever strokes. A certain prideful insolence welled up in his heart. He would show them that his art was invincible. An idea grew of coming praise from a new and hidden source. He would prove himself worthy, and there was no telling what might happen.

Defiantly he struck; again, again, again. The music pursued him in the wild race. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the sisters shrinking fearfully against one of the groups of columns. He worked on.

With a crash the music stopped. There broke on Stanley's ears, not the mutter he had heard in the past but the thundering roar of surf comparatively close at hand.

The interruption!

In a passion of rage Stanley hurled the tools from him and faced about.

On the opposite side from the cloud-veiled horizon the greensward ended abruptly in a beach which swept away on either hand. Miles on miles of surf, swaying, tossing, hammering in meaningless and wasteful motion, carried him savagely back to the last memory of his earthy existence. Above the sullen and incessant booming, Stanley heard the music shrieking in insistent discords that were like cries for help. But more poignant was the anguished tensity revealed in the two little sisters. They were clutching each other and clinging to the columns at the pavilion edge, holding their breath, straining their eyes, looking, looking. Then Stanley saw.

Beyond the outer line of breakers a speck appeared, was lost, came into view again. A human being! He was striving to swim through to land in safety and losing in the struggle.

"Not gaining! He is undersized! Not making headway!"

The girls' exchanging thoughts reached Stanley beseechingly. Glancing down at himself, he saw that he wore a light tunic, belted and reaching to his knees. He gave a derisive snort at his grotesque inadequacy as a life-saver. Heartsick, he stood rooted, staring at the bobbing speck which was a human head. What grim cruelty it was that he should be denied a moral obligation which he could have accepted, only to face one purely, brutally physical. Here was a call for muscular strength alone. And he could not answer. Self-pity, disappointment, utter despair, overwhelmed him. For one choking, blinding instant he cursed his creation. Then he strode to the girls, laid heavy hands on their shoulders, and spoke in a savage growl.

"If this is a celestial life-saving station, where's your crew?"

They shook off his hands and eyed him with reproach.

A nearer roller lifted the swimmer. Stanley caught a glimpse of a slender arm and black hair before the lad was buried again.

"What shall I do?" he almost sobbed the question.

Their answer came, lightning swift.

"Forget yourself!"



The staggering simplicity of it! After all, how easy a thing to die. What was one more failure after many?

Without a word Stanley had leaped onto the grass and was racing for the beach. Next his feet spurned hard, clean sand; icy waterswirled forward to meet him. He waded out, breasted the surf, dived, caught breath, shot through. For the first time in his memory he was free and wildly happy, steady, calm. Ten strokes more and he reached the struggler, the slenderest of lads, whose white body had collapsed.

And now began a fight for the lives of both. Inch by inch and surviving deluge after deluge, Stanley won his way, summoning every atom of his strength, the response of which surprised him. He waded out in spite of tugging watery hands, and stood panting, streaming, but not spent, on the beach with his prize in his arms. Tenderly he shifted the unconscious burden and gathered it to him.

Slowly but without effort or feeling of fatigue he walked up the slope toward the pavilion, the whiteness of which gleamed satiny in the soft light. The sensation of ease and strength increased. The sound of the surf had sunk to a whisper. No doubt the cruel monster was still there, but he had robbed it of its prey. Stanley, looking down, felt a growing affection for the lad in his arms, a reluctance to lay him down. The music—his own music—was creeping forth to meet him, caressingly, murmuring solicitude and love.

And now he regained the pavilion with its memories of self, and looked eagerly about. The couch and the statue were gone; gone, the tools and the half-finished sword.

Stanley accepted these facts with indifference because opposite him were the two sisters, their faces radiant with joy.

"Look, Brother—look, look!" they cried, and swept aside a curtain which had concealed a great mirror.

Stanley looked. There was only the reflection of himself with his charge; but how striking was their aspect!

Their slight, wet garments clung. Stanley saw himself, incredible though it seemed, as the statue of his mind's creation, no longer cold and lifeless as before, but a living, breathing

man in the perfection of beauty and strength. And he held in his arms, not a sword, but the exquisite body of a helpless fellow being.

The reflection was of himself.

As if in echo to his conclusion, the girls' beautiful voices reached him while the music whispered and soothed.

"You, yourself, have become the symbol of success."

"But," he faltered, "this—he—I—represent only humble service."

The voices answered him:

"And what else is success?"

The music swung into a commanding rhythm. It called for his attention.

Stanley cast one last look at the mirror; he moved a little to prove that he, himself, was possessor of all that wealth of grace and beauty, wondering if so much happiness were vanity.

The music called again. He turned away, looked out and upward.

The cloud horizon was taking definite shape. No longer white and gray, it was turning to dull gold and opal and revealing a wall, high, and endless in extent. The clouds thinned, grouping themselves to frame a gateway of colossal dimensions and noble design.

The music stole through the air, hushed, adoring, as faint strains penetrate the dimness and whisper among the vaulted spaces of old cathedrals. The two sisters knelt with bowed heads.

Tense, expectant, bewildered, yet uplifted by the new rapture which possessed him, Stanley was watching that which was beyond a rift now evident. A message reached him:

"The Gate of Souls! It opens for him who is worthy."

"For him who is worthy."

At last Stanley understood. He tore his glance from the ever intensifying spectacle, and still carrying his burden, moved to where the girls knelt. His voice, lowered in reverence, grated huskily. He felt strangely embarrassed, profoundly humble, yet content.

"This lad is the one who is worthy. He has probably won honors we know nothing of. But he's not able to go in unless I carry him . . . Wait for me. I'll come back . . . There may be others who will need help—out there in the

(Continued on page 432)

## The Importance of Constructive Thinking

MARY—ABBY PROCTOR

**T**HE STUDY OF the history of man, in fact the history of the development of everything in existence, shows that Nature works very slowly, and the changes that have come about on the earth's surface, in vegetation, in the animal kingdom, and in man, have been in process for eons. Scientists, particularly geologists, have proven the truth of this. Change has been so slow from life to life, from generation to generation, from race to race, that whatever modification has taken place has been so infinitesimal at any particular time as to be almost imperceptible; nevertheless, changes so colossal in the ultimate have taken place as to be well nigh incomprehensible.

Take the surface of the earth as illustration: While volcanos and other cataclysms produce sudden and radical changes, the ocean shores are whittled away by wind and tide in one place and built up in others, until whole continents are gradually rebuilt. River beds, too, change or dry up or otherwise disappear. The vegetable kingdom reveals wonderful changes in flora; petrified remains show ferns as large as our forest trees, and trees so massive that present day ones are pigmies in comparison.

And in keeping with that vegetation were the prehistoric animals; even the line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, where one merges into the other, can almost be detected. Man, too, was much larger, fossil remains showing that "there were giants in those days," many of whom were as tall as twenty-seven feet, and with flesh so dense, hard, and rigid that a thick piece of steel would snap if struck against an arm or leg of this early man.

However, with the evolution of the voluntary nervous system and its connection with a slowly developing brain, the human being has dwindled in size, the body is less dense, less rigid, more pliable and mobile, more sensitive to painful and pleasant sensations; and mentally to joy, happiness or sorrow.

Comparing the physical body of man to-day with that of his remote ancestors we find it a

very marvelous mechanism. In other words, as man advances intellectually and spiritually, his body keeps pace; and it appears that as man advances he takes with him everything with which he is associated, a fact that goes to prove there is *no separateness* but that the Cosmos is one great *whole*.

It is conceded even by those of materialistic tendencies that thought is a great molder and modifier ("as a man thinketh in his heart so is he"); that anger, sorrow, envy, and kindred emotions depress the mind and retard the acquisition of health, while joy, happiness, and the like are health builders.

Thought attracts atoms, molecules, and elements which correspond, to itself and are incorporated into the body, which physiologists and anatomists tell us is continually being rebuilt. We are advised to "think right thoughts if we would have strong, healthy, capable bodies and brains." Metaphysicians tell us that in this way we modify, i. e., raise the vibrations of these atoms which are constantly being used to renew our bodies, and that we not only evolve—build up—ourselves, but that everything about us is modified also.

When the change called "death" takes place, the outer dress—the atoms composing the dense body—is resolved into its component parts to be incorporated again and again into physical bodies. When we come back after the long rest, ready to go on with our earthly education and training, we must have bodies in which to do our work, and the better the body, the finer and more efficient the tools we have to work with, the better will be the results.

As there is no variation in the Law of Affinities, we consequently select or attract atoms for our bodies that correspond with the character we have formed as a result of previous lives. It is claimed that bodies with consumptive tendencies are the result of an extremely materialistic mental attitude in some former life, which gives the tendency to attract hardened or crystallized atoms. Infirmities and deformities, both

of mind and body, can be explained along these ontological lines.

It would seem that the desire and necessity for strong skillful, healthy bodies would force humanity into right living if it could only once sense the importance of it. For instance, a brain formed of atoms of high, regular rates of vibration can think more deeply and farther, can come into rapport with higher rates of vibrations—"inspiration" so called—and produce better pictures, more harmonious music, more deeply inspired writings than a brain composed of ordinary atoms.

"Thoughts are things,"—forces which attach themselves to their creators. The science of psychology (the science of mind) teaches that every thought tends to express itself in a bodily act. Behind every word and deed is a thought! And every thought we think has a force which depends upon its clearness and continuity.

A generation of people, or a race, is composed of individuals, and the thoughts of the individuals are the thoughts of the race. As the atoms that compose minds and bodies are improved, the race evolves higher and more rapidly, for the better the atom, the more mobile, finer, and more tractable a tool it is. Take primitive man with his hard, dense, inflexible body, with undeveloped nerves and brain with which to register sensations, his imperfect vision, and compare him with the Aryan type of the present day. The long continual action of thought has produced a wonderful instrument. Study the mechanism of the heart and the circulation of the blood, the joints, the muscles. The femur bone, for instance, a thin circular section of bone carrying the whole weight of the body, is reinforced on the inside by beams and cross beams of thin strips of bony substance. The most skillful engineer could never produce such a piece of work where so little size and weight are involved and which has such great strength. Then too, the eye and the hand are both the result of continued desire for superior atoms, and all are the results of thought!

Yes the action of natural law may be slow but it is certain, and the *rate* and *degree* of man's evolution depend upon the *kind* and the *force* of his individual thought. Man and the

whole cosmos with him can evolve much faster toward the ultimate goal, Perfection, if he will each day, each hour, each moment think constructive thoughts. Then the special convolutions of the brain used for these thoughts, will develop, while that part of the brain given to weak, erratic thought will atrophy from disuse. "Being good" will then become a habit, from habit will grow character, and mankind will have taken a great step onward.

"Freewill" — personal responsibility in thought, word, and deed—makes man the creator of the future, of the race; and too, in a greater or less degree his "brothers' keeper."

In fact, life, *this life*, resolves itself into this: *What you and I think every moment of our lives is of the utmost importance!*

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#### THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP NOT AFFILIATED WITH THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Several times lately the question has been asked of our students whether Headquarters had not taken up with the Catholic teachings. A probationer, who is a 33rd degree Mason, visited Mount Ecclesia some time ago and while here stated that he had to deny this at various times when his Masonic brothers asked him the same question.

No doubt this rumor originated through those who have confused the Rose Cross of the Rosicrucians with the cross of the Catholic Church. Max Heindel was never a Catholic, and the only church affiliations that Mrs. Heindel has ever had were with the English Lutheran Church.

On page six in "Freemasonry and Catholicism," Max Heindel makes the following statement: "The writer is not a Mason, and thus he is free to say what he knows without fear of violating obligations, but he is a Mason at heart, and therefore frankly opposed to Catholicism."

The Rosicrucian Fellowship has always refrained from attacking any church, lodge, or organization, even though their leaders were opposed to our methods. We hold that the only true Christ teaching is that of love and tolerance, and we feel that the leaders of all these various organizations are sincerely doing their best from their point of view to help humanity.



# Our Responsibility to the Children of Today

By C. H. P.

**O**UR RESPONSIBILITY as members of the Rosierucian Fellowship, towards the children and toward those younger citizens who are the forbears of the *Sixth Race* is weighty, and it behooves each man and woman in the world today to come close to God and see what his or her individual responsibility is, in order best to fulfill what God has given us individually to do.

You are perfectly aware that there were points in your own training that you believe could have been improved upon. You suffered corporal punishment, doubtless; you determined if ever you had a child, this element would be eliminated; and you later read in Mr. Heindel's writings why children should not be bodily punished.

Then, too, you were brought up, perhaps, with a lot of "*don'ts*" from your parents; "*don't*" do this; "*don't*" do that; and life at home seemed one long purgatory of "*don'ts*." You determined if you ever had any children, you would not allow this.

Then, again, you suffered long Sunday afternoons because there was nothing to do with your active little brain except read dry stuff that had no interest for a child, and which was served up to you in doses fit for the most serious minded Puritan. You determined to avoid this if ever you grew up to parenthood. And besides, there were other reforms you determined in your mind that you would make. Now let us enumerate some of them and see how nearly we have measured up to our early determinations:

First: We were to eliminate the saying of "*don't*" to children.

Second: We were going to supply *constructive* thoughts, leading the little formative minds along positive, constructive lines, rather than merely negating them constantly.

Third: We were going to apply the *LAW OF LOVE* in the place of corporal punishment, striving to so mould the child by love that we should not need to use the rod.

Fourth: We were going to give the child enlightened methods of education, by which he should progress more rapidly and definitely than was possible under the cruder means and ways by which we ourselves were educated.

Fifth: We ourselves were going to live each day such lives of *living love* that our example and our precepts might aid the child to do as we did.

Sixth: We hoped to see methods of education introduced in the schools which would not subject the child to those false fears and wrong mental conditions through which we ourselves had tunneled up to manhood and womanhood (we refer to such things as, "If you go out without rubbers you will catch your death of cold," and all such erroneous statements regarding health, etc.).

Seventh: We had hoped as the world progressed to see our children and the children of our neighbors and the children of the world given such instruction regarding the God of *LOVE*, as to enable them to judge for themselves between doctrines which have love as their base and those which are founded upon a lesser and more unstable foundation.

You, yourself, have made these and, similar promises and statements to yourself, have you not? And since examining the doctrines of the Rosierucian Fellowship, you have come to the conclusion that there are even more vistas of possible improvement by which you can help the *CHILD OF TODAY*. Yet *what organized steps* are you taking toward this end? What are you doing about it, in other words?

Here is what you can do! This is the step you can take! You can sit down by yourself in quiet contemplation and reflection each day, and you can first pray to God to use you as an avenue through which to bless little children. This is the first step—the opening of your mind and heart to that part which God would have you play in this important work. And you should do this with as much regularity as you

possibly can—making it your business to be regular and specific about it. You will quickly see its fruits.

Second: You can then begin, very gently at first, to breathe out into the consciousness of the world the thoughts of Love and Harmony which you would like to see bestowed upon your children and those dear ones who are nearest and dearest to your heart. *In all this work*, let the first breathing forth of your thought be filtered through: "*Not my will, dear Father, but Thine,*"—so that you do not impose any portion of your own will upon the situation which you are helping to formulate.

Third: With more intensity as the days go on, we can begin to talk to the principals, teachers and pupils of our local schools (talking mentally just as we would if we were addressing them in person—only by the method proposed in this article, one can reach so many more than one could by visiting them in person), breathing out upon them blessings, even as the gentle dew descends from heaven; bestrewn them, as it were, with the gracious intelligence of the Father, and the Christ-love of the Son. In this definite and regular reflection we can help them with the thought that God, Himself, is governing the methods of education by which every right step that should be taken, is being taken each day by the proper authorities of each locality, to bring the education of the children of America and of the world up to the proper standards, so that these will correspond to the progress which should be made by the forerunners of the Sixth Race.

Fourth: We can also instill, as fast as we ourselves have the vision, the ideals which are being unfolded to us regarding the Universal Brotherhood of Man. It is plain, is it not, that these children on whom we are gently breathing forth our blessings will shortly be the parents of those who are in turn to bring into the world the Sixth Race? And these dear ones must also be the ones who are to take up the affairs which shall turn the whole wide world into a Loving Place wherein the principles of Christ shall rule; wherein strife and inharmony shall cease; wherein competition shall give place

to co-operation. Thus we—the conscious ones who are in this manner to help forward God's work and His kingdom by our conscious reflection of the Truth—are able to breathe out upon these children the gentle consciousness of the Brotherhood of Man, which Christ will eventually head when a sufficient number of individuals upon earth have risen to help assume the load.

This flower garden of children's thoughts, watered, nurtured and fertilized by our own thinking: oh! what a mighty responsibility; what a sacred privilege of the day! You, members of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, who are awake and willing, what can you not do towards the forwarding of that Day of God which is the heralded Christ-coming-time of the visions of prophets and seers!

And lest any of you might think that this POWER OF THOUGHT is visionary, let the writer give you a little testimony of one whom he knows, telling you one little incident that actually happened in New York. The man in question had been invited to attend a school meeting, but it was not convenient for him to be there in person, so he thought that it might be well to sit down and figure out what he would have said to the children had he been able to be there; consequently, he mentally delivered a little talk to the children on the Brotherhood of Man. And the talk ran something like this:

"Mr. Principal, and Teachers, and Children: There is one subject that is uppermost in my mind today, and that is the Brotherhood of Man. This is something that we can all well think about as we look over the world; as we see the strife, the competition, the rising prices, the threatened strikes, the throttled production, the danger to Democracy. Clearly and distinctly in contradistinction to this picture of disharmony stands the example and doctrine of the Christ, who came teaching the gentle principle of *Love to All Mankind*. We have come up from the most terrible war of which there is record in history to a patched-up truce; to a temporary rift in the clouds of war, through which for a moment we see the sunshine of peace. But we realize that this is only tempor-

ary; why? Because in the hearts of men there are not truly established those principles which make for permanent peace; because, in other words, we are not thinking and living the principles of the Universal Brotherhood of Man which Christ Jesus taught us and which we must all eventually live.

"Should it seem so strange and weird a thing to us, dear children and teachers, that the world has gone, apparently, so far astray from the teachings of the Christ that we must look upon the Brotherhood of Man as a wild, perhaps a bolshevistic teaching? Are we to wonder if this *strange doctrine of the Universal Brotherhood of Man* is some un-American thing because it is apparently not on the lips and in the hearts of each man that we pass on the street—but rather, because he seems to be bent on building the biggest fortune he can build, or making the biggest profiteering contracts he can make—or otherwise disfiguring the character which Almighty God gave him with which to gain his experience in matter in order that he might the better serve God and mankind?

"No! The Universal Brotherhood of Man is no un-American thing! In fact, it is the real American—it is the real democratic—it is the real Christ-like thing to think; it is the real problem before each school child of the world; it is the real Reconstruction Problem; it is the real THOUGHT of today. You need to think it: you needs MUST THINK IT! for without your constructive thought and that of your sisters and brothers, the world must go astray and the civilization of the world fall into chaos. And yet, it shall not so fall, for you—all of you—will rise to the problem; you will measure up to meet the need; you will grasp the responsibility and you will rise to it! you will be to your day what the Forefathers were who gave to the world the Declaration of Independence. Only yours will be the *International Declaration of Independence*; and your act will be the Sound-Heard - Round - the - Universe whereby men's minds everywhere shall be freed from greed and false hypotheses and wrong deductions; from materialism and erroneous views on money.

And from your pure, clear thinking will come the *universal right mentality* from which can spring the real—the lasting—Universal Brotherhood of Man."

This little talk, or its equivalent, which ran through the friend's mind, was completely forgotten in the course of busy days and busier nights until about three weeks afterwards, when his daughter came to the gentleman who had delivered this *mental address*, and said: "Daddy, there is one thing that I have been trying to remember to tell you: Our Principal on that day you could not get to school gave us the most wonderful talk on the Universal Brotherhood of Man and Reconstruction that I ever heard—it was as if you, yourself, had been there." And she thereupon repeated the gist and substance of my friend's mental reflection.

Doubtless many readers of "Rays" have had similar experiences. Though this may not be by any means a new thought to them, the *responsibility* is with us, each and every day, and the question is :What are we doing with our minutes? Are we using them, whether we are hoeing in the garden, whether we are working in the shop, whether we are busy at the office, or whether we are working in the home, to REFLECT GOD TO THE CHILDREN, so that the Light of Divine Love may enter their hearts; so that they, like dear flowers, may grow up in the sunshine of God's love? The world of dear children is our garden; and in this garden, God has offered us the sacred privilege of working, planting, pruning, fertilizing, spraying, watering—all the joys of the gardener; all the happiness of seeing the fruitage and the blossoming.

And the question is: WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THIS RESPONSIBILITY?

We pray for love, and God sends peculiar suffering and puts us with apparently unlovely people and lets them say things which rasp the nerves and lacerate the heart: For love suffereth long and is kind; love is not impolite; love is not easily provoked; love beareth all things, believeth, hopeth and endureth all things; love never faileth.



## The Seven Steps In Spiritual Unfoldment

DR. E. L. HODGES

**I**T IS SET forth in Second Peter, Chap. 1, Verses 5 to 7 as follows: "Add to your Faith, Virtue; and to Virtue, Knowledge; and to Knowledge, Temperance; and to Temperance, Patience; and to Patience, Godliness; and to Godliness, Brotherly Kindness; and to Brotherly Kindness, Charity."

At first thought it might appear that these seven steps are grouped together without due consideration, but upon investigation you will very quickly see that such is not the case, but instead that the above is a statement of the action of Cosmic Law upon the spirituality of the aspirant.

There are certain laws concerning physical birth which not only operate inevitably, but in regular succession. That is, a certain or particular law must first be complied with before any other law can become operative. In other words, there is a first step, and there is a second step, etc., and the steps in spiritual unfoldment must follow in a certain order as must the steps in physical birth and physical unfoldment.

Now, if you have faith, you are ready for the first step: Add to your faith, virtue. That is to say, take what there is of you, renovate it and improve its quality to the highest possible degree; in other words, purify it.

Having done this, you are ready to begin adding knowledge. You can see the necessity of adding virtue before knowledge, for how can a man obtain knowledge concerning the Kingdom without first having virtue! It is the effect of virtue upon a man to make him desire the right kind of knowledge, and it is virtue that makes it possible for this kind of knowledge to filter into his being. Knowledge will be pure or contaminated in proportion to the thoroughness with which the aspirant has acquired virtue.

The third step is temperance. This does not come third simply because Peter placed it so, but because it comes third in the Law. It was not needed before, but all are desperately in need of it at this stage; for after having had a taste of divine knowledge, there is an overwhelming tendency to gourmandize. This, in and of itself, is not so bad, but it almost always

leads to generalizing, and that is fatal. Books and journals, journals and books, without end and hastily read, soon cause the reader to lose his power to think synthetically, and the mind becomes like a stream of water, the channel of which has lost its depth. Such readers become lost to themselves, also to humanity so far as accomplishing anything of value is concerned or being of any help to mankind.

The fourth step is patience. This is the central step and a most important one. The whole world is seething with impatience, restless, running to and fro, searching wildly as well as hastily, forgetting that in so doing none of the jewels of the kingdom are found.

Impatience not only frustrates but sets up a reaction which, being negative, prevents further advancement. I believe it is here that the aspirant needs to be most watchful. Not only must there be no manifest impatience, but there must be no impatience in a latent form; one must rid himself, not only of the manifest but of that which is latent as well, if he would make sure of further progress. Because of the importance of this essential, a great deal is said about it in the Bible.

Fifth, to patience we are to add godliness. One cannot do much toward being godly until he has succeeded, at least in a measure, in working out the four steps above mentioned; and the success will depend upon the thoroughness with which the life has been *lived*.

You say, "What is a godly man like?" First, he is a man whose "delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night." "What is he like?" "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." The state here is glorious; it is worth all that it costs and a thousand times more.

Sixth, to godliness add brotherly kindness. It appears a little strange to some that this requirement should be placed so far down the line. Brotherly kindness, it would seem, should be one of the very first, and Peter places it

next to the last. But Peter was wise. He placed it where it belongs. However, it does not mean that one cannot be kind without first being godly; but it does mean, among other things, that brotherly kindness can come only after godliness, and no one who has not reached a high degree of godliness can even begin to approach the *true* meaning of brotherly kindness.

The conception of brotherly kindness is big! How can I explain it? Suffice it to say, Jesus had it. The Apostles had it. They would willingly, yea, cheerfully have died for humanity,

even though that humanity had been their enemies."

Seventh, and last is charity or love. What a climax! Who can comprehend it? Paul in 1st Corinthians, 13th chapter, gives us something of the idea, but his definition can be understood only by those who have reached a high and advanced stage of spiritual unfoldment. To the rest of mankind it appears merely as a haze.

Love *gives*. It gives the *best* it has. It gives without expecting compensation. God is love. Love is God.

## The Path

HARRIET SCHWARTZ

**S**O MANY PEOPLE hear and see the term, "The Path," but as to its location few know or seem to care. All mankind must sooner or later come to the place where its entrance lies hidden. At the first gate, guarding the entrance to the Path, sacrifices are demanded, and it is the spirit within you that demands them. Apparently you are called upon to make these sacrifices for another, but they are really for the ultimate good of your own soul. This fact is hidden from the candidate until he has made the sacrifices. There are many gates to pass through before you come to the final test. At each one you must be able to give up something.

Remember, things that are of value to you in the outside world have absolutely no value on the Path. Pride and ambition are two things that are "excess baggage," and the sooner they are laid aside, the sooner you will find the Way. Many things that were useful in the world will be a burden on the Path.

The gates to the Path cannot be revealed to you by another; but he may give you the rules whereby you may find them. After you have passed through the first gate, be sure that your *motives* are right, for should you have the least bit of selfishness left, you will find it harder than ever to eliminate it.

After coming to the last stage, man has to put his own soul in the balance before he can pass the keeper of the gate. He will be asked whether he wants to go on by himself and develop, or whether he wants to stop here and help others;

if he chooses to go on, he fails in his test, but he will not even know that he has failed. However, the man or woman who at this last gate, is willing to sacrifice his or her own progress to help others, will find it was the last test to see whether every bit of selfishness had been eliminated.

You will find that remaining behind to help others may for a long time make life appear to be not worth the living, for those whom you are trying to help may not seem to want it; they may often think that you are interfering in their affairs and treat you with contempt for your pains. But this is also a test for you, as it is necessary to see whether you can stand ingratitude and injustice and still be willing to go on. The soul at this stage must be crucified by experiences of this sort. After the soul has allowed this to take place a great peace will ensue and a happiness beyond words. Then the aspirant will know that something has been gained that cannot be taken away.

After this test, the duality that was constantly bothering the disciple is no longer in evidence, for the higher and lower selves have become at one. There are no words that can describe the resulting state of consciousness; it must needs be entered into to be comprehended.

The disciple now needs nothing outside of himself for he knows the Law and has become one with it. He does not worry when he sees his friends also passing through experiences that are bitter, for he knows that only in that manner will the consciousness of their own Divinity be revealed to them.

# The Doctor's Dilemma. A Story of the Unknown Realms

PRENTISS TUCKER

## CHAPTER XI

**T**HE DOCTOR AND his companion proceeded briskly towards the city, passing a great many people who paid not the slightest attention to them. Familiarity in a short time bred a kind of recklessness in the Doctor, who began to call out to the passersby and then attempted to touch one on the arm. His hand passed through the man's arm, however, without causing the slightest comment. The Professor smiled as he saw the motion.

"You are looking at a record in the Memory of Nature," he said. "It is no more possible for you to interfere than it would be for you to converse with one of the Apostles in da Vinci's 'Last Supper.' See, your feet leave no mark on the roadway. When you are accustomed to read in this record, you can make it pass slowly or fast or at the regular rate at which the events happened, and so you will be able to study history in a most marvelous way except for a few drawbacks which will puzzle you at first."

"What are they?" asked the Doctor.

"You will run across them in due time if you do much studying of the past, and you will find them difficult to overcome until you have reached a point where you can untie the Gordian knot by means of a still higher wisdom; but, for the sake of an illustration, tell me what year this is."

"Why—er, this, I think you said, is Atlantis? Well, Atlantis sank some twelve thousand years ago, nearly, so this would be—"

He hesitated and began to calculate aloud. The Professor interrupted the process.

"It is true that the last remnant of Atlantis sank at about that time, but you must remember that the height of Atlantean civilization was reached many thousands of years before the sinking of the last island. Also, I might help you by saying that this period at which we are now looking was not the last years of Atlantean life but occurred a long, long time before the disappearance of the last island. Now, with that help you might tell me the year, reckoned in terms of the Christian Era."

The Doctor scratched his head.

"You call it a help, but I'll be blessed if I can see just where the help comes in. I was trying to remember the date given as the last year of the last island, but if that is not this year then you have given me several hundreds of thousands of years more from which to select one year, and I'm afraid I can't do it."

"But, if you were an independent investigator you would have to face such a problem and find the answer. The only way in which you could answer the question would be through sufficient familiarity with astronomy to be able to consult the only timepiece whose hands measure thousands and millions of years with accuracy. The method of counting the years backward would take too long where such enormous stretches of time are concerned. But that is only one problem. There are many others and they are quite intricate, too. There are no explanatory notes such as are flashed on the screen at one of your moving picture shows, and you will find, at first no apparent plot. There will be a multiplicity of actors, but in the end you will find that the drama is the grandest you ever saw and the Plot such as only the Infinite Mind could devise."

They were both silent for a while, the Professor from the rapt devotion which even a brief contemplation of the wonderful plot of the great world-story aroused in his mind, and the Doctor because he was frankly interested in his surroundings.

If you have ever seen a boy enjoying his first visit to a moving picture theatre; if you ever saw a person from the interior on a first visit to the ocean, then perhaps you can form a faint idea of the interest and enthusiasm of the Doctor in the things which he was privileged to examine. As they entered the city gate and he spied some soldiers on guard there, he stopped to look at them, hesitating at first because as yet unused to the knowledge that they could not see him; but finally, growing bolder, he walked around and around them and examined them as



though they were some kind of wax works in an exhibition. They, too, entirely unconscious of his scrutiny, lent themselves to his inspection by moving somewhat actively as one of them seemed to be telling a story, though whether it was really a story he was telling or whether he was giving an account of a fight with some wild tribes the Doctor could not determine.

At any rate it was a performance which seemed to excite the men to a certain extent, so that they helped with it by partly acting it out. It was a weird thing to stand and look at a scene which had been enacted perhaps fifty thousand years before. It gave the Doctor his first acquaintance with the language of this ancient country, which seemed to be a rather jerky, hyphenated speech, full of consonants and gutturals.

As they stood, or rather as the Professor stood, waiting for the Doctor to finish his examination of the soldiers, a procession of slaves passed, drawing a huge cart loaded with hewn stone for some new building. The Doctor's attention was drawn from the soldiers to these unfortunates, who were of a different race from that of the people whom they had so far observed, for they were more animal-like than even our present day lowest savages, and were evidently completely animal in the eyes of their conquerors, judging from the way the whips of the drivers cracked over the struggling line. The soldiers never even noticed their passage, so the spectacle was apparently a common one.

But this phase of their investigation into the habits and customs of Atlantis was not the Professor's object, and he called out to the Doctor to come along.

"We have only a short time, Doctor, and the thing I want to show you is more interesting than this exhibition of ancient brutality."

They passed on and entered a large temple. The whole massive structure seemed to be of stone, though it was by no means as large nor as high as the ruins of Baalbec. Down in a room several flights of steps below the street level they finally found a group of priests dressed in a kind of uniform consisting of a long flowing robe, bound around the waist and looped up to the knees to leave their movements more free. They were grouped around a young

man who sat in a stone seat and was apparently asleep. One of the older men was making passes over the young man's head, somewhat after the manner of our modern hypnotists.

"This is a different matter from a case of modern hypnotism," said the Professor. "If that were all that I wanted to show you, we could just as well have stayed in the twentieth century, though, as a matter of fact, it is as easy to read in the Memory of Nature, when one knows how, as to leave the body and visit a seance. These priests are sending the young man's soul out to gather information for them with regard to some of the numerous palace intrigues in which they were continually mixed up."

The process did not appear to have the entire acquiescence of the young man in the chair. The hypnotizing priest asked him a question to which no answer was returned. The question was repeated, but the young man shuddered and said something which was evidently an excuse for not giving the desired answer. The talk was of course in the language of that ancient country, and the Doctor at least could not understand one word of it. It resembled nothing which he had ever heard in his life, and very naturally so as it was a tongue which had flourished at least several scores of thousands of years before the very first beginnings of the ancient Greek. Still the Doctor found that he could follow the conversation with a fair degree of accuracy by the tones of the voices and the gestures of the speakers. The young man was trying to avoid rendering the service which was demanded of him, and though he was under some kind of hypnotic control, he was trying to resist the power of the priests. So far as the Doctor could make out, and he did his best to follow the conversation, there was some kind of conference or meeting, regarding the proceedings of which the priests desired to learn. They could not go themselves, and so they were trying to gain their ends by sending the young man's higher vehicles to visit, unseen, the place of meeting and report to them through his physical body.

But the resistance was quite marked. The young man twisted and writhed in his chair, and the force of two or sometimes three of the

priests was required to hold him there. The man who was doing the controlling began to grow impatient.

"Why, O La-ta-no-kee, why dost thou refuse my will?"

"I cannot!"

"Cannot! When I send thee out thus in thy spirit form?"

"I cannot. Give me some other task to do."

"Why is it that thou sayest 'cannot' when I, the High Priest, send thee out?"

"I do not know, Father, only I cannot."

"You can pass through mountains and walls!"

"Yes, Father."

"You can cross the ocean into foreign lands?"

"Yes, Father."

"And yet, when I ask thee to visit the council chamber of the palace and tell me what is done there, thou sayest, 'I cannot.'"

The young man writhed violently but was silent. The Professor spoke, and his voice and his twentieth century speech seemed rather incongruous.

"The reason why the priest is having trouble is because there is an active opposition. The persons whom he wishes to spy on have taken means to prevent just such an attempt."

The face of the priest showed his anger as the young man still failed to do his bidding or to tell the reason why he failed. The priest stepped back a pace and raised both hands, palms to the front, and from them there seemed to stream a force almost as material as actual fire. The target of this was the young man on the chair, and the priests who were holding him drew to one side to avoid the rays or influence or whatever it was.

Apparently it was very painful, for the young man shrieked and made a violent effort to rise, but although there were no hands holding him down, yet the force which streamed out from the palms of the priest seemed to have the power to tie him to his chair as though held there by invisible bonds.

The vibrations of his shriek had hardly ceased when another voice was heard, and all present turned to see who it was. In the doorway stood an old man with a long, snow-white beard. He was very tall and erect and did not

seem to need the staff which he carried in his left hand. At sight of him two or three of the older priests seemed to cringe somewhat, but the man who had been doing the hypnotizing did not flinch.

"What are you about, my children?"

The voice was gentle, almost soothing, and the crowd seemed to take heart from it. They all joined in a babel of explanations and excuses, all talking at once except the hypnotizing priest, who was a tall, swarthy man and who kept silent, willing to let the others explain for him.

The newcomer slightly raised his staff.

"Be silent."

His voice had lost its soft, caressing tones and was harder and more metallic. He pointed to the young man in the chair.

"Loose him and let him go."

The swarthy priest rebelled at this.

"Not so. He is my best messenger."

"Loose him!"

"I will not!"

The swarthy priest turned until he fairly faced the old man, then raised his hands, palms out, as he had turned them against the unfortunate boy in the chair. But this time his magic had more than met its match.

*(To be continued)*

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### WAS IT YOU?

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Some one started the whole day wrong—

Was it you?

Someone robbed the day of its song—

Was it you?

Early this morning someone frowned,

Someone sulked until others scowled,

And soon harsh words were passed around—

Was it you?

Someone started the day aright—

Was it you?

Someone made it happy and bright—

Was it you?

Early this morning we are told,

Someone smiled, and all day long,

That smile encouraged young and old—

Was it you?

—Stewart I. Long.

# Question Department.

## The Necessity For Spiritual Concentration

### QUESTION.

When a student of the Rosicrucian Fellowship has been on the membership roll for two years and makes application to become a probationer, why is he requested to withdraw from other occult organizations?

### ANSWER:

If you were attending a large exposition where a great number of food products were shown and where the demonstrator asked you to taste or sample his products; if you were to taste of pickles, minced fruits, cake, mayonnaise dressing, jelly, fruit juices, and samples too numerous to mention, and you should take all these bits of food into the stomach, what would be the result? You would have a severe case of indigestion and the body would be very ill at ease.

We find this same condition existing where man crams his brain with all manner of reading matter, reading a little of this and a little of that, never taking up a systematic line of study, but poring over books and dissipating his mental strength so that at last he cannot concentrate long on any subject.

And we find the same condition in spiritual things. The Rosicrucian Fellowship Teachings have always urged concentration of energy in one direction, advising that students should use all their spare time in working along one line of spiritual endeavor and not dissipate their strength by membership in a number of societies at the same time. When the probationer takes the obligation to himself which admits him as one of the esoteric students of the Fellowship, he takes a definite step in his spiritual career and affiliates himself with a large band of spiritual workers who have dedicated their lives to do the work of healing under the guidance and direction of the Elder Brothers. By

lives of service during the day they fit themselves to be invisible helpers during the night, when they are all working systematically in carrying on the healing.

We are today at the great parting of the ways, where men are being segregated, where the pioneers for the coming race are being called, and where trained, skilled workers are being chosen and prepared to take up the greater work. Can they be chosen from the ranks of those who fritter their time away in aimlessly seeking spiritual pleasures, searching for entertainment, never applying themselves to any one thing for any great length of time? They attend a meeting here, pay for a lesson there, watch the papers and bulletin boards to see if a new lecturer or teacher is booked who can entertain them for a little while longer. They go to the Episcopal Church one Sunday, the Baptist Church another. Or some will sneer at the work done by the churches, even tearing down the Christ ideal after having heard a self-styled initiate or teacher do so on the platform.

These restless metaphysical wanderers who are so hungry are like the tramp who must beg his bread from door to door, who goes hungry a great part of the time, but who will not work to earn his bread; he prefers to tramp. So is this class of people who will not affiliate with church or society and give their strength and time in helping to further their work; they wander from door to door trying to get something from God's great storehouse without paying the price. But they find little to feed their hungry souls. They are not gathering treasures to lay up in heaven but are contracting countless debts which will have to be paid some time, for many of them have been asking for and have received what they have not been ready to pay for. No matter if they have paid ten dollars per lesson to a self-styled teacher, God's teach-

ings cannot be bought with coin; loving service to others alone can liquidate that debt.

A mother who has a family of children will concentrate all her energy in helping the little family to expand and grow; she will not go from house to house to care for other families. A successful man in business has become so by concentrating in one direction. A successful lawyer has become successful by directing all his mental efforts to mastering the law. And in every field of life we find the one who has really made a mark in the world has been the one who has centralized and thereby has succeeded. Whether it is in the macrocosmic or microcosmic world, it matters not, this law operates through everything, and without concentrated and systematic work we are wafted about by every little wave and accomplish nothing.

#### **BY WHAT AGENCY WAS THE EARTH CONTROLLED BEFORE CHRIST?**

##### **QUESTION:**

We are taught that Christ Jesus is the Regent of the earth and controls it from within; that all the rest of the seven planets have a great controlling spirit in charge, whose visible bodies the planets are. As it is only about two thousand years since Christ Jesus was crucified and entered the earth, how was it controlled before that time? Who was then in charge of our earth? Is it possible that the earth was not sufficiently advanced to need a great controlling spirit?

##### **ANSWER:**

About the latter part of the Lemurian epoch, and before humanity was divided into races, they were as little children. They did not recognize self-hood, as they were not yet self-conscious. But later when they began to think and to awaken to the fact that they were differentiated, when they could see themselves as individualized egos, they began to separate into races. Then it became necessary that they be placed under law that would govern them, under the care of a leader who must be obeyed. Therefore, Jehovah was placed in charge as their God, guiding the earth in space. He helped humanity to evolve by his severe laws, but from without in the same manner as the

animal is helped by the group spirit. His restraining force from without had to instill fear into them. He had to be an "angry God" who demanded sacrifices. Infant humanity had to be taught to obey.

After the sacrifice made by the Christ Spirit on Golgotha the Christ drew into our earth to guide it from within. He will continue to make this yearly sacrifice until we have evolved the love and have reached the stage where we are ready to sacrifice our own selfish interests; where we have developed the divine compassion which the Christ had for all humanity. When we can realize in the fullest sense that "I and my Father are one," then we are fit to rule our own planet and help to hold it in its orbit. Until that time the Christ Spirit must suffer for us.

The time will come when we must guide our own earth. Collectively, we are the spirit of our earth, but we are yet too weak and self-centered to guide it. As Jehovah guided it for us from without by His law, so the Christ is now guiding it from within in loving sacrifice and will continue until that time when we shall have evolved the Christ love within ourselves which will liberate Him.

#### **FERTILITY OF SEEDS**

##### **QUESTION:**

Why are some seeds fertile and others not?

Out of a package of cauliflower seed planted in a box filled with soil of uniform quality, some of the seeds produce strong plants, others, weak ones. From the strong plants which are selected for transplanting, some will produce good sized heads quickly, others, good heads slowly, some will produce medium sized heads, some poor, while some will produce no heads at all, although the seed and selected plants are all alike and conditions uniform.

##### **ANSWER:**

Cauliflower and cabbage seeds form in a long, tube-like shell. As the petals of the blossoms gradually drop off, this little tube begins to expand outward from the stem, growing little by little. As it develops in length, the little seeds begin to take shape, one after another, each

*(Continued on page 432)*



# The Astral Ray.

## The Holy Sphere of the Sign Cancer

MARGARET WOLFF

**O**F NEPTUNE, exalted in Cancer, it has been said that he is the planet of infants, poets, initiates, astrologers, and madmen. Of the Moon, ruling Cancer, we know that her ray, though it may bring madness, also brings romance; it inspires immortal works of poetry, art, and music, fans the spark of intuition in the astrologer's breast, kindles the light of holy expectancy in the soft, sweet eyes of the mother-to-be, and with irresistible magic draws the feet of all true lovers on to the silver strewn path leading into the garden of enchantment.

Oh! let us stand in adoration before the mystery and the glory of God-ordered life, and with pure and reverent hearts let us listen to the message of the *mother* star, the *lover* star, whose rays are the magic wands which cause the hidden fountains of creation to well up and to bestow upon the earth living forms in abundance.

In the deeply mystic *watery* sphere of Cancer there lies the well of life, fathomless as the ocean of eternity, nurturing in the sheltered depth of its sacred waters the *seeds* of all forms that from the dawn to the twilight of a cosmic day move over the earth in rhythmic procession. The mumuring song of the well sets the tune; touched by the fructifying rays of the moon, the waters surge up in a mighty wave, the seeds are drawn to the surface by the rhythm of fecundity, united by the holy wonder of conception; they swell and grow and blossom forth into living forms.

All forms are dwelling houses of the spirit; the virgin spirits on their evolutionary way from slumbering all-consciousness to divinely assertive self-conscious need *forms* in order to gain experience through the manifold phases of material existence. To conceive forms, to give birth to forms, is a sacred function in the *service* of the evolving spirit. A sextile aspect connects the sphere of Cancer with the sphere of Virgo. The sign of conception merges mysteriously, wonderfully, into the sign of service.

By the well of germinal life there stands a temple, built of white marble, pure, yet not cold, for the light of the moon suffuses the chaste, white splendor with a soft, silvery radiance. A goddess dwells in the temple; the goddess of life; the mother goddess; Mother Nature; Mother Earth. Cancer is the sign of the mother; so is Virgo. The *fruitful* mother ruling in Cancer, the *chaste* mother reigning in Virgo, are but two aspects of the same divine Mother Principle.

On a trail of silvery light the goddess steps forth from the temple; her garments shimmer in the iridescent hues of the water; they are embroidered with the flowers of the earth; into her veil made of moonbeams there are woven the semblances of all living forms. As she lifts her arms to bless her children, the wondrous veil unfurls, spreads, expands, until it shields all living creatures in its folds.

By the well of life she pauses, a smile of infinite tenderness spreads over her divine coun-



tenance; she beckons, graciously, irresistibly—she beckons to all the *lovers* of the world. She bids them enter and take the sacrament of marriage in her sanctuary.

Mother Nature needs lovers so that her purpose may be served. She is the priestess of the spirit, and the spirit needs forms through which to express. It is Mother Nature herself who directs the rays of the Moon, the planet of fecundation, into the breasts of the man and the woman, and there intones the fruitful cadences of their love song in tune with the rhythm murmured by the well of germinal life.

Cancer is the sphere of rhythm; the moon, the planet of rhythmical ebb and flow, is exalted in Taurus, the sphere of harmony. A sextile aspect connects Taurus with Cancer; a trine is formed between Taurus and Virgo. And the Lady of Taurus is Venus—Venus, the planet of love. Oh, glorious are the revelations of astrology! The goddess of life is *trine*. The fruitful Mother of Cancer who guards the well of germinal life; the chaste Priestess of Virgo who serves in life's temple at the altar of the spirit; the gracious Lady of Taurus who calls the lovers and teaches them the harmonies of their love song, are the three aspects in which the goddess of life reveals herself.

Moonlight and lovers! Since time immemorial the cosmic greatness of this theme has exalted the poets and inspired the musicians. It has found its sublimest expression in Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream."

Poets respond to the moon as lovers do, and every great work in music, art, and literature, every human creation of beauty and harmony which gladdens the eye, delights the ear, and uplifts the soul is conceived through the sphere of Cancer where the rays of the Moon blend with those of Jupiter and Neptune and reach out to the rays of Venus and Mercury.

Cancer is the gate through which all *forms* must enter into existence. Art, poetry, and music are exalted thought or exquisite emotion expressed in beautiful form. A work of genius is conceived within the mind as a child is conceived within the body. Two principles are necessary to generate form, the masculine and the feminine. In order to create, whether a child of the body or a child of the mind, man needs woman, woman needs man. The one without the other is sterile.

Many men of genius and producers of great works have been slandered because of their friendship with women, none more than the great poet-initiate Goethe. But his pure stars proclaim the message of his pure soul. He has the Sun in the chaste sign of Virgo in conjunction with the spiritual Midheaven and with Mercury, who is in the heart sign of Leo. Venus is also in Virgo, sextile to Neptune in Cancer. These aspects prove that his relations with women were of pure, chaste spirituality, and as a true herald of the Aquarian Age he sings in all his works the praise of the New Woman, who through her quality of compassionate intuition becomes the redeemer of the passion-bound world.

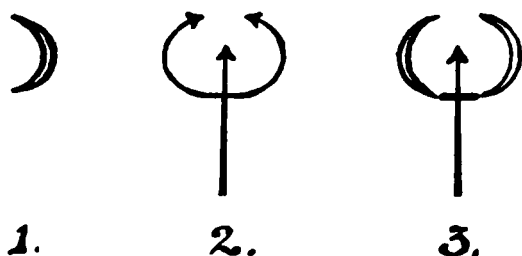
Until such time as man has fully developed the feminine qualities within himself, he needs the contact with the imaginative, intuitive woman soul in order to fructify his will and intellect. And woman needs the masculine will and intellect with which to impregnate her imagination and intuition. This is *mateship*; *soulmateship*; the only safe, sound, and pure kind. Man and woman preparing for the New Age must be co-workers. Uranus, the planet of the New Age, is the higher octave of Venus. The fine arts of which Venus is Lady are spiritualized by the Uranian ray, and the attraction between man and woman is exalted into comradeship.

The symbol for Cancer represents the feminine and masculine poles, which must contact each other so that living bodies or living works may be conceived.

Whenever we meet lovers walking on moonlit paths under the trine of Venus and the Moon, or a man and woman working together, aspiring together, in the pure white light of comradeship kindled by a trine of Venus to Neptune, let not an ill timed word break the holy spell which through the rays of her stars, the Divine Mother herself has woven. The mysteries of love and of friendship are too sacred to be referred to in a frivolous, jocund manner; we owe them the reverence of silence; they should be guarded against the din of chatter and gossip and lifted entirely above the doubtful realm of talk. And all who aspire to serve immaculately in Virgo so that they may speak the creative word in Taurus should bow their heads

in reverence before the silvery mists which shroud the holy sphere of Cancer

Around the temple of the Mother goddess and the well of life lie enchanted gardens: lovers meet there at her gracious command, genius walks there in his hours of creative ecstasy. The roses of Venus bloom there, the lilies of Virgo, and the lotus flowers of the Moon. In the accompanying cut, diagram No. 1 shows the symbol for the Moon and No. 2 the symbol for Neptune. Combine the two as in No. 3 and you have the lotus, the sacred flower connected with every ancient cult of the Moon and the Mother. The lotus grows upon the water; its buds are like rosebuds; when its petals open to the light it resembles the rose, and it is called rose of the waters.



The Rose and the Cross are both foreshadowed in this great symbol erected in the sphere of Cancer, and combining the symbols of Neptune and the Moon.

Fecundation in matter must take place so that the spirit may attain to divine perfection. Such is the law of our evolution. Conception must occur through the Moon, so that Divinity may be reached through Neptune. We are preparing for the time when love will have superseded passion and all conception will be immaculate. The flower is the generative organ of the plant; it is chaste and pure, and the Rose Cross brings to the man and the woman the message of purity. Under the sextile of Cancer to Virgo let us unceasingly repeat the beatitude: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

The Moon governs the Life Ether, which is the avenue for the forces of propagation. "And the Lord God made them male and female." The Life Ether has positive and negative, male and female, currents of force. The rays of the moon stir the Life Ether into motion and draw

together the male and the female principle so that form may be produced, into which, along the rays of Neptune, the spirit may pour itself.

Neptune governs the Reflecting Ether, the avenue of connection with the homeland of the spirit in the World of Thought.

To inspire means to draw into a form the breath of the spirit. Into the body sphere of Cancer there streams the Life Ether of fecundation and the Reflecting Ether of inspiration; thus earth and heaven, time and eternity, matter and spirit, meet and merge there, and rightly it may be said of all true lovers that they see the heavens open and the angels of God descending. While the soft strain of the swinging, singing moonbeams draws them together with sweet, irresistible force, the particles of the Life Ether group themselves to the formation of the etheric matrix or vital body, the mould for the physical form. And with the flute-like sweetness of the moonbeams there mingle the celestial harp tones of the Neptunian rays, which set the rhythm for the downpouring of the Reflecting Ether.

The Neptune song fashions a ladder, reaching from heaven to earth, and with eyes closed once more upon the heaven world, yet followed by a trail of celestial glory, the *ego* to be re-born, descends. The moonbeams and the Life Ether receive it, envelop it; yet the Reflecting Ether, the Neptune rays, never, never lose their hold upon it—unless it willfully severs the bond. The ladder is not withdrawn; it remains standing throughout the *ego's* earth life, and from the mystery sphere of Cancer the poet's fancy, the musician's ecstasy, the child's innocence, the astrologer's divination, the mystic's devotion, the occultist's vision, ascend into the heavenly homeland and commune with its inhabitants.

The etheric pattern formed under the moon in the domain of the Life Ether is fashioned after the *thought* pattern formed under Neptune in the domain of the Reflecting Ether in the World of Thought. The sphere of Cancer encompasses both regions, the regions of the etheric moulds which is earthly and the region of the archetypes, which is heavenly. Each sign has its terrestrial and its celestial aspect, and our soul value is decided by our faculty

of interpenetrating the earthly with the heavenly.

Do you, man, walking with your loved one in the moonlight, see the halo around her head, a halo woven by the rays of Neptune. Are your eyes pure enough to perceive it, are your words reverential, do you clasp her with gentle and tender touch unsoiled by selfish passion? Are you aware that suspended on Neptunian rays a spirit from heaven is floating around her—the ego to be born through her, the ego that chose her for its mother, long before the Moon led her to you? Cancer is the sphere of the mother. From the celestial World of Thought a human spirit longing again for the experiences of earth life whispers "Mother," and attaches itself to the woman whom it elects so that it may be given birth through her. The choice is decided by the law of cause and effect. In the World of Thought, where all the records are kept of all that ever happened and existed, the ego is shown its former lives, the attachments it made, the debts it incurred, and under the guidance of the Recording Angels it selects its environments for the new earth life, its *home, its mother*. Thus conception takes place from the spirit world, long before it occurs in the physical.

Conception is threefold; it is of the spirit, the mind, and the body. The spiritual conception, taking place from the heaven worlds under the Neptunian rays, is always immaculate; the immaculacy of the physical conception under the Moon ray depends on the attitude of mind under the ray of Mercury: An impure mind—conception in passion under a square from the Moon to Mars—a coarse or diseased body for the incoming ego; a pure mind—conception in love under a parallel from the Moon to Jupiter—the ego's new body, a living temple. It is the attitude of mind which decides whether the generative act is a debauch of the senses or a sacrificial love offering on the altar of the Virgin Mother.

In Materlinck's mystic drama, "The Blue Bird," there occurs a wonderful scene called, "In the Palace of the Future." If the poet knew astrology, he might have called it "In the Realm of Cancer," for he takes us into the sphere of preparation for birth and rebirth.

The scene is filled with a luminous blue, soft and mysterious with a beauty not of this earth. We gaze into immensities of blue, blue space; over deepest azure is spread a sheen of turquoise and sapphire. Sources of light there are none; the blue depth is light. The light is silent, yet in constant rythmical motion; it is calm, yet it sways and streams and surges; it suggests the waters of the deep. And in this sea of light there float wraith-like, transparent, in mist-woven garbs of silvery blue, the souls waiting for rebirth. They appear as children, young as the dawn, yet old with the year-thousands of the world.

Father Time, Saturn, is ushering them into his boat to take them to the shore of earth life. Some are eager to go and rush forward to crowd into the boat before their turn has come; others are reluctant, fearful, imploring Father Time to leave them behind. He is stern and relentless. "According to laws immutable, iron, aeonian" his hand forces them into the boat, each at its appointed moment.

But guiding, guarding, advising, consoling there move amongst the children tall, majestic beings of a supernal beauty; they shine with a light of their own, more luminous than that of the deep; they are invested with a silent sovereignty; they are the *angels*.

The lunar angels preside over conception and birth; they lead the soul to its earthly mother, into its earthly home. The greater and mightier Recording Angels whose ministry lies in the World of Thought assist the soul when from the heavenly home it chooses the earthly one. The heavenly home is eternal, the earthly home is ephemeral. Cancer is the sign of the *home*, both of the permanent celestial home under Neptune and of the passing terrestrial home under the Moon.

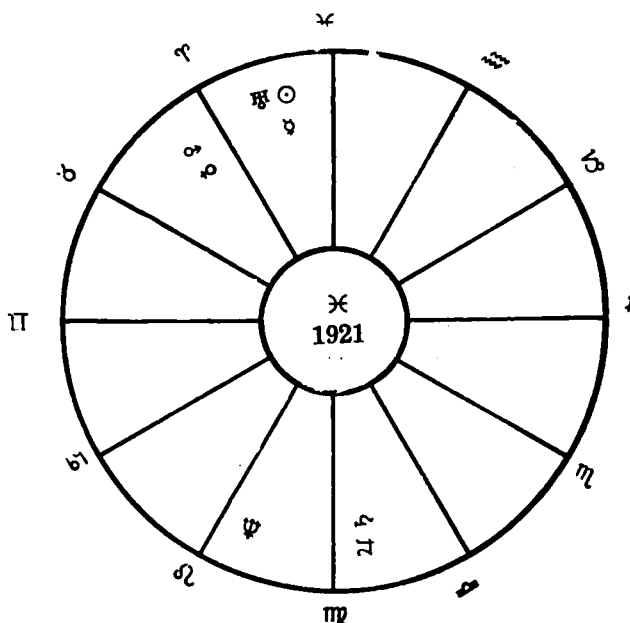
The Moon stands for the mortal personality, which in a prison garb of matter is confined to the narrow precincts of the earthly home; Neptune stands for the immortal ego that in heavenly freedom roams in the World of Thought. For Neptune is the lightbearer of the Spiritual Sun, which shines over the World of Thought, and which is the source of our being.

(Continued on page 430)

# The Children of Pisces, 1921

Born February 19th to March 20th inclusive.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—It is the custom of astrologers when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine their remarks to the characteristics given by the sign in which the Sun is at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what a person is like, for if these characteristics were his only ones, there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We shall improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign in which they are during that month. This will give an accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month after June, 1917. The price of back numbers is 25c each.



The children born while the Sun is passing through the occult and mystical Neptunian sign of Pisces this year will be of an intellectual type. Pisces children ordinarily do not take readily to deep mental work, being of a lethargic and dreamy nature, averse to great mental and physical exertion, and usually what they get mentally is through intuition. But this year with Uranus, Mercury, and the Sun in Pisces, these children will be more active. A nervous mental activity will be shown, which will sometimes deplete them in strength, for Pisces children are lacking in vitality, especially the children born between the 23rd and 25th of February this year. They will have a special gift of divination and will have aptitude for all mystical teachings, for the Sun will then be in conjunction with the occult planet Uranus. This conjunction occurs in the mystical Neptunian sign of Pisces, hence these children will be born sensitives and parents should guide them most carefully. They should not permit negative development of any kind, for Pisces children are naturally very sensitive and negative, Pisces being the 12th house sign governing occult and hidden things. Therefore these chil-

dren are apt sometime to be troubled with obsession if the above advice is disregarded.

The children born on the 8th of March when Mercury and the Moon are in conjunction with Uranus will also be of the sensitive type which should never meddle with ouija boards, planchette, etc.

The children of Pisces will be very impulsive this year, for Mars, the planet of energy and enthusiasm, is in its own sign of Aries, the sign where it is at its best and where it gives the greatest amount of force. But they are very apt to dissipate this force, for the Piscean children cannot stand strain for any great length of time; it might be well for the parents to teach them to curb this impulse, avoid this waste of energy, and direct it into constructive and useful channels.

With Uranus, Sun, and Mercury in the watery sign of Pisces, in mundane opposition to Saturn, the planet of obstruction, and to Jupiter, the sign ruling the arterial circulation, both in Virgo, the small intestines, the fluids in the intestinal tract will be sluggish and the arterial circulation impaired. This will give

(Continued on page 430)

## Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive, for besides typewriting, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires much of the editor's time. *Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get him to subscribe.* We give these readings to help parents in training their children, to help young people find their place in the world, and to help students of the stellar science with practical lessons. If your child's horoscope appears, be thankful for your good fortune; if it does not, you have no cause for complaint.

### *We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.*

Despite all we can say, many people write enclosing money for horoscopes, forcing us to spend valuable time writing letters of refusal and giving us the inconvenience of returning their money. Please do not thus trouble us; it will avail nothing.

*Editor's Note—We give below the cusps of the houses and the planets' positions so that anyone can set up the following horoscopes without mathematical calculation.*

JAMES FRASER S.

Born April 7, 1915.

1:10 A. M.

Lat. 79 W., Long. 44 N.

### *Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Scorpio 0; 11th house, Scorpio 24; 12th house, Sagittarius 14; Ascendant, Capricorn 2-55; 2nd house, Aquarius 14; 3rd house, Pisces 27, Aries intercepted.

### *Positions of the Planets:*

Moon 21-35 Capricorn; Uranus 14-53 Aquarius; Venus 6-35 Pisces; Jupiter 14-44 Pisces; Mars 22-32 Pisces; Mercury 24-18 Pisces; Sun 16-20 Aries; Saturn 26-49 Gemini; Neptune 27-39, retrograde, Cancer.

We have here a horoscope with the saturnine sign of Capricorn on the Ascendant, and the Moon as the life ruler is in the 1st house. Capricorn people are usually not endowed with an over abundance of vitality. In this case, with the watery Moon in its fall, in opposition to the watery planet Neptune, and square to the life giving Sun, James will be lacking in strength and ambition and will want to dream away his time. He will need constant prodding and encouragement from the parents, and will also be very restless and will want to be much away from home.

The Moon, however, is making a good aspect to Mars and Mercury, and is also within orb of a sextile to the benefic Jupiter, which is in its own sign of Pisces. These planets will help to strengthen the Moon and make the mental qualities better. But if James is not kept interested mentally, he will be apt to drift into indolent habits due to lack of vitality.

People with Mercury afflicted in Pisces are mentally lazy, and do not take kindly to studies. Especially is this true here with a square to Saturn, which is placed in the mercurial sign of Gemini; this has a tendency to dull the intellect.

But there are aspects that will offset this affliction. Mercury sextile to the Moon and in conjunction with Mars will make the mind more active. Mars will help him to think quickly, especially in business, for Mars and Mercury are in conjunction in the 2nd house, money, and Jupiter is also in its own house of Pisces and in the 2nd house. This would indicate that James would make money easily, especially through speculations in lands, for Venus, the ruler of the 5th house, speculation, is also in the 2nd house and in conjunction with Jupiter.

But he will spend his money quickly. The Sun in its exaltation sign of Aries, sextile to Saturn in the 6th house, is also favorable to finances, but Saturn square to Mars and Mercury would give him a tendency to want to take advantage of those with whom he deals. The parents should teach him to be truthful and honest in his associations with others, and they may help him to rise above these tendencies, for planets only express what is latent within the soul. With the help of the parents while young, evil tendencies may to a great extent be eliminated.

He would also be successful as a detective, with Mars and Mercury in Pisces, the house of secrets, of hidden things, and sextile to the Moon in Capricorn and Capricorn rising. Such people are natural detectives.

With Neptune in Cancer in opposition to the watery Moon, there may be a tendency to over-



eat and danger of forming the habit of drinking, which would undermine the health. With Saturn in Gemini, the lungs, square to Mars and Mercury, coughs and colds may injure the health. We would advise the parents to teach him to eat very simply and breathe deeply so as to expand the lungs.

### VOCATIONAL

CARL, M. T.

Born June 25, 1909. 3:00 P. M.

Lat. 37 N., Long. 121 W.

#### *Cusps of the Houses:*

10th house, Leo, 15; 11th house, Virgo, 18; 12th house, Libra 16; Ascendant, Scorpio 8-42; 2nd house, Sagittarius 8; 3rd house, Capricorn 10.

#### *Positions of the Planets:*

Uranus 19-45, retrograde, Capricorn; Mars 18-5 Pisces; Saturn 21-52 Aries; Mercury 19-03, retrograde, Gemini; Sun 3-45 Cancer; Neptune 16-19 Cancer; Venus 19-20 Cancer; Jupiter 8-46 Virgo; Moon 5-39 Libra.

The boy whose horoscope we have under consideration for a vocational reading this month has the martial and fixed sign of Scorpio on the Ascendant with the ruler, Mars, posited in the 4th house and in the sign of Pisces. Mars is also ruler of the 6th house, employment. Mars is square to Mercury, which is retrograde in the 8th house and in its own sign of Gemini. This position of Mars and aspect between Mars and Mercury will bring out the critical tendencies, and Carl will be very irritable and quick tempered in the home and among those with whom he is employed, also towards his employer. He will have wonderful ideas and some will be very good, but he will want to force them upon those with whom he is associated in the home and out in the world. As a result he will find it difficult to hold a position for any great length of time.

We find Saturn in the martial sign of Aries in the 6th house, ruling the employee. Saturn is square to the planet of impulse, Uranus, also square to Neptune and Venus. This will enhance the tendency to criticism and increase the inharmony which surrounds him. These afflictions will cause Carl to change his position very frequently. They will make it hard for him to choose a vocation, for he will find it difficult

to remain long enough in one position to learn a trade.

Now, we must take the best fortified sign in the horoscope, which is Cancer, situated on the 9th house. Here we find Venus and Neptune, and these planets trine to the ruler of the 1st and 6th houses, Mars. The Sun, the ruler of the Midheaven, although posited in the 8th house is also in Cancer and is sextile to Jupiter, which is ruler of the 2nd house, finances, also co-ruler of the 5th house. Neptune is ruler of the 5th house, and in conjunction with the musical planet Venus, therefore Carl could express the best within him as a teacher of music. A stringed instrument would develop the harmony within, and it would be best for him as regards health and disposition.

We would caution him against forming habits for tobacco or drugs. This would weaken him in health and in mental strength, for Saturn is in Aries, ruling the head, square to Venus and Neptune in the sign of the stomach. He should also be cautious in the choice of his food, for if the stomach is deranged he will suffer from headaches and the mental faculties will not be clear.

## Astrological Question Department

### QUESTION:

The "Message of the Stars" teaches that it is the angle of the planetary or stellar ray which determines its influence in the life of the native. I understand the difference between the natural and intellectual zodiacs. However, when applying it to the human horoscope it seems to create certain misunderstandings or misapprehensions.

The "Message of the Stars," for instance, ascribes practically the same tendencies and influences to the Sun in Aries (Children of Aries), as to a rising Aries without the Sun. The angle of the planetary or stellar ray in both these cases may differ widely unless the Sun happens to be in Aries while the latter is also rising. Still, if the influences or tendencies in both cases are identical, it cannot be the angle of incidence of the stellar ray which determines both.

### ANSWER:

On page 72 of the "Message of the Stars,"

last paragraph, it states: "It is the angle of the stellar ray which determines its effect in our lives." We cannot take this sentence literally any more than we can the aspects between two planets in the horoscope as shaping the destiny of the entire life. If the student who is asking the above question will carefully read and also study the rest of the chapter, he will find that the first part will be clearer. The stellar rays from angles, we must admit, have a greater effect upon the life of the native than when the planets are placed in cadent or succedent houses. The angles of the natural horoscope are the four cardinal points, the four limbs of the cross, the four points where the Sun crosses: The spring equinox, Aries, the natural first house sign, the head of the cross; the crucifixion and its opposite sign, Libra, the natural 7th house sign; the fall equinox, Capricorn, the 10th sign, the winter solstice; and its opposite sign, Cancer, the summer solstical point. But the stellar rays from angles are also dependent upon aspects and positions. For instance, if we find Mars in an angle and in the bestial sign of Taurus where this planet is most malefic, then the martial energies will be used for evil unless very powerful benefic aspects help to mitigate the evil. But should we find Mars in Aries or Scorpio, the signs in which this planet is at home, or in Capricorn, its exaltation sign, and Mars well aspected, then the martial energy is used constructively. We can here see that astrology must be used with discretion and reason before the astrologer can make a true prediction.

Now, regarding the second part of the question. Here again we must call attention to the "Message of the Stars," page 93, first paragraph, and compare it with the description of the Sun in Aries, on page 119, first paragraph, where we are told that the Sun in its exaltation sign, the martial sign of Aries, its hot rays then being directed through this fiery and impulsive sign, naturally will express itself through the martial ray, for the Sun is a planet of heat and has an affinity for the fiery Mars. Therefore, the Sun in Aries takes on the tendencies of the sign to a greater degree than in any other sign in the zodiac.

## THE HOLY SPHERE OF THE SIGN CANCER

(Continued from page 426)

"Our birth is but a dream and a forgetting,  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Has elsewhere had its setting  
And cometh from afar."

The Moon is the star of our bodies, which are built of matter; it makes us forget our heavenly home for the small interests of the earthly home sphere. But Neptune is the lode star of our souls; he carries memory, and there are moments in this earth life when, not in silvery haze but with a splendor, golden as the sun, our Moon arises over the home walls of matter and forms a trine, a sextile to Neptune; our vision clears; our vague dreams become consciousness, our ideals reality; and we remember—remember *Heaven!*

Through Cancer and its ruling planets, aided by Venus and Mercury, we also regain the memory of previous earth lives, of home associations and love ties formed year-hundreds or year-thousands ago. We recognize our dear ones of past lives, and we know that love is *immortal* as the Spirit.

## THE CHILDREN OF PISCES

(Continued from page 427)

these children a tendency to coughs and colds, and the food will not assimilate properly. Therefore they should be cautious in their diet and should endeavor to have as much outdoor air and exercise as possible. They will want to be alone, reading light literature, and will not care to be out in the fresh air. Therefore we would consider it very necessary for the parents to give them a certain amount of constructive outdoor work.

## All Rosicrucian Literature

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Los Angeles, Calif.—112 Coulter Bldg., 213 S. Broadway.

Seattle, Wash.—334 Globe Bldg., 1st and Madison Sts.

# Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

## The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Pages 133. to 139 *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. What is said regarding the destiny to be worked out?
- A. It is sometimes immaterial into which one of several environments the ego is incarnated, and when such is the case, it is allowed its choice as far as possible.
- Q. When once an ego is allowed its choice, what takes place?
- A. The agents of the Lords of Destiny watch, unseen, that no act of free will shall frustrate the working out of the portion of fate selected.
- Q. What will happen if we do aught to circumvent that fate?
- A. They will make another move so as to enforce its fulfillment.
- Q. Does this make man helpless?
- A. No. It is merely the same law that governs after we have fired a pistol. We are then unable to stop the bullet or even to deflect it from its course. Its direction was determined by the position in which the pistol was held. That could have been changed at any time before the trigger was pulled, as up to that time we had full control.
- Q. What is this condition called?
- A. It is called "ripe" fate, and it is this kind that is meant when it is said that the Lords of Destiny check every attempt to shirk it.
- Q. What general conclusion may be formed from the foregoing conditions?
- A. With regard to our past we are helpless, but in regard to future action we have full control, except in so far as we are hampered by our past actions.
- Q. When we learn that we are the cause of our own sorrow or joy, what will be the result?
- A. We shall awaken to the necessity of ordering our lives more in harmony with the laws of God, and thus rise above the laws of the physical world.
- Q. What will this condition give us?
- A. The key to emancipation.
- Q. How does Goethe express this condition?
- A. "From every power that holds the world in chains  
Man frees himself when self-control he gains."
- Q. What gives form to the dense body?
- A. The vital body which has been molded by the Lords of Destiny.
- Q. What process is carried on in the development of the dense body?
- A. The matrix or mold is placed in the womb of the future mother, organ for organ. The seed atom for the dense body is in the triangular head of one of the spermatozoa in the semen of the father, and this makes fertilization possible.
- Q. What is the explanation of the fact that so many sex unions are unfruitful?
- A. The chemical constituents of the seminal fluid and the ovi are the same at all times, and were these the only requirements, the explanation of the phenomena of unfertility, if sought in the visible world alone, would not be found. But when we understand that as the molecules of water freeze only along the lines of force, and manifest as ice crystals instead of freezing

into homogeneous mass as would be the case if there were no lines of force previous to coagulation, so there can be no dense body built until there is a vital body in which to build the material; also there must be a seed atom for the dense body, to act as a gauge of the quality and quantity of the matter which is to be built into that dense body.

Q At the present stage of man's development, is there full harmony in the materials of the body?

A. There is not, because that would mean a perfect body, and yet the discord must not be so great as to be disruptive of the organism.

Q. In what respect is heredity a factor?

A. Heredity in the first place is a fact only as regards the material of the dense body.

Q. Does heredity have an influence on the soul qualities of man?

A. It does not. The soul qualities are entirely individual.

(To be continued)

### THE FERTILITY OF SEEDS

(Continued from page 422)

seed having its time for setting, or rather, its birth.

This birth is regulated by the passage of the moon through the various signs of the zodiac. It takes the Moon from two to two and one-half days to pass through each sign. The seeds are stamped with the nature of the sign through which the moon is passing at the time. For instance, if the moon is passing through the sign of Cancer, its own sign, which is a feminine, fruitful and watery sign, then the seeds which set during the two days that it takes the moon to pass through this sign, will be large, fruitful, and healthy, and will develop into large and healthy plants, for cauliflower and cabbage have an affinity for water and watery signs. But the seeds that are set in the masculine, fixed, barren, and fiery signs, such as the sun sign of Leo, become the tiny, sickly plants and are often barren.

Tiny plants, if transplanted in the light of the moon and while the moon is transiting the fruitful signs, grow faster and are more fruitful than if transplanted at some other time. So you

can judge the quality of seeds by observing the zodiacal signs under which they were matured, which account for the differences in them and in their fruitfulness.

### SUCCESS—A SPIRITUAL ALLEGORY

(Continued from page 410)

surf. And there's no job I'd like better than that. You understand?"

He looked up again. The rift was broadening as the portals unfolded wider and wider in perceptible gracious welcome. There appeared through the rift a sight humanly indescribable, a strange new color flooding the space beyond. In beauty it transcended beauty itself.

Fearless, exalted, confident, Stanley stepped away, and with his burden moved slowly up the slope toward the sublime mystery of that unknown realm. He did not turn back toward the kneeling sisters. He never saw within their tear filled eyes the look which womanhood bestows on the beloved boy who by losing all has won all. His beautiful figure grew dim among the cloud ribbons which with exquisite wreaths began to envelop him, veiling and softening the coming glory. The music had swelled to a mighty congratulatory anthem of praise and thanksgiving.

We do not cast horoscopes for adults on any consideration; but *children are unsolved problems!* They have come to their parents for help and guidance, and it is of inestimable benefit to know their latent tendencies, that their good traits may be fostered and evil tendencies suppressed. Therefore we will give each month, in the Astral Ray department of this magazine, a short delineation of the character and tendencies of two or three children. However, we cannot guarantee a reading in every case, since the number of names received usually far exceeds the number of readings to be given. *Parents who wish to submit the names of their children must be YEARLY subscribers.*

### PRIZE COMPETITION AWARDS

The articles for this magazine recently submitted in the Prize Competition are being read and classified. The names of the prize winners will be announced in the April number.

# Children's Department

## A Mt. Ecclesia Fairy Story

By P. B. E.

**J**UST AS DAWN was stretching a silver thread along the mountain tops, the fairy with the turned-up toes laid down his paint brushes and sighed. "It's very discouraging," he said to the yellow rose bush he had just finished coloring, "All night long I work on your blossoms and the very next day those new children come along and tear them to pieces."

"I know," nodded the rose bush sadly, "It's the same with all the rest of the flowers. Since the new children came, nothing is safe."

"No, indeed!" echoed a little white butterfly, stopping in his game of tag. "Yesterday when I was settling myself to rest on a violet leaf, they came along and threw a cap over me. I tell you I had a hard time getting out. My wings are sore yet, but I fought hard, because I know what happened to another butterfly last week. They tore his wings off and he died."

"They stepped on me," came a patient voice from the lily bed. "No one ever treated me like that before."

Bump—Bump—Bump—came a sound along the garden path. The yellow roses hid their faces in fear, and the little white butterfly darted into a lily cup. "You don't need to mind me, my dears," croaked a hoarse old voice. "I'm only your old friend, the toad. I heard you talking about the danger that has come to us, and I just came over to join in the talk. I'm a little deaf, so I hope you'll talk as loud as you dare. For long, long years I've lived in the lily pond, and my father and grandfather before me lived in the same, peaceful place. I've seen the flowers dance with joy in the springtime, and in the autumn I've watched the fairies put them to bed under their blankets

of snow. There have been other children in the garden, but they loved us. I can't understand these new ones."

There was a long silence after the fat, old toad ceased speaking. It seemed as if a gray shadow had laid its hand upon the little people. Suddenly there came a sound of merry laughter "Cheer-up! cheer-up! cheer-up! What's the trouble? What's the trouble? What's the trouble?" sang the mocking bird from the big, big oak tree. "Bob o' link, Bob o' link, Bob o' link! Spink, spank, spink! The-o-dore, The-o-dore, The-o-dore! That's what the robin sings."

Laughter came back to the flower faces. The fairy sat up and smiled, and two little butterflies hugged each other in rapturous glee.

"After all," rumbled the fat, old toad, "nothing can be as bad as we thought as long as we have that rascal to sing for us."

"Laugh a little, laugh a little, laugh a little," sang the mocking bird. "So pretty! so pretty! so pretty! That's what the oriole thinks of her self. Cheer-up! cheer—r—r—r" But the last note was never finished. A sudden shot rang out through the summer air, and the gayest bird in all the world crumpled up like a fallen leaf. He was their happiest one, the mocking bird, and when they thought of life without him, the garden people bowed their heads in grief. All day long there was sorrow upon them, but at eventide the Spirit of the Garden touched their hearts with her wand of gold.

"Look up," she whispered, and her voice was like the softness of a starlit night. "Look up. Your time of mourning is over. Long and bravely you have served me. Year after year you have not failed. Now your faithfulness is to be rewarded. Never again shall you be worried



by the fever heat of summer. The icy blasts of winter will go by you, and in your hearts there shall be no fear. Under smiling skies a new garden awaits you. There the flowers are protected and the little people of the grass are looked upon as loving sisters and brothers. Not only will the sight of your faces gladden those around you, but through them your message of hope and peace will be flashed to all the world. Never have garden people had so divine a mis-

sion. Sleep and when you awake, joy be yours. Sleep—sleep.”

• • • • •

And that, my dears, is the way some of the little garden people came to Mt. Ecclesia—they were *reborn* there. This very morning I saw the mocking bird prancing up and down an eucalyptus tree, while the fat, old toad sat under the yellow rose bush and laughed.

## The Story of Gypsie

ANITA RAU

### X

#### A SAD EASTER MORNING

**J**OYOUSLY THE BELLS were pealing, calling the people to praise their Creator.

A few early spring flowers also lifted up their heads to proclaim the old, old story of resurrection. The winter had been long and cold, and everybody was glad that Easter time had arrived. With quickly beating hearts the young Christians of S— gathered at the pastor's home from there to enter God's house with their faithful leader, and on this eventful day, partake for the first time of Holy Communion and be united with the church. It was an impressive sight, to see them pass down the broad street in their black dresses, as had been the custom in S— from time immemorial, their earnest young heads bent modestly upon their new prayer books.

Passing Mr. Meir's house, they glanced up at the closed windows while a shadow of pain clouded the venerable pastor's face, and the joyful peal of the bells seemed suddenly changed to a solemn tolling. Only the night before had he and his deacons been in that house to arrange for the Easter service. Mr. Meir was to help administer the Sacrament of Holy Communion, and at parting his last words were, "It is a long time since I have felt as well and happy as this evening. Easter will be a happy day!" Yet not an hour later the pastor had been aroused and summoned to hurry back to comfort the widow of his suddenly deceased friend.

Mr. Meir had fallen suddenly while entering his bedroom, where Gypsie also had her little

bed. Mother Elizabeth, uttering a piercing cry, called, "Quick, Gypsie, call Ida, papa is dying!" The child not at all understanding, hurried to her sister's room repeating the message. When they returned they found Mother Elizabeth sobbing, but giving orders. When the doctor, for whom they had sent, came, he could but state that it was a case of apoplexy. It was sad indeed! The good man in the prime of his manhood had been cut off from life like a blade of grass.

After her first frantic outburst of grief and pain, Mother Elizabeth became quiet, and sat mute and pale beside her dead husband. Gypsie, frightened, cowered beside her, occasionally pathetically stroking the delicate hand which lay motionless in her lap.

Ida, under the direction of her uncle who had also been called, noiselessly attended to affairs, keeping away from her mother the curious people, who could scarcely believe the news.

The Pastor and his charges entered the church just as the bells stopped ringing. Easter with its message of resurrection had come.

### XI

#### GYPSIE'S CONFIRMATION

**S**INCE THAT eventful Easter, twice had happy marriage bells rung for Mother Elizabeth's children. Ida first and Carl later, had founded their own little households. Mother was glad that Gypsie remained with her.

Gypsie was a queer child, so entirely different from Mother Elizabeth's own quiet, orderly, well-balanced children. No one could be sure

(Continued on page 440)

# Nutrition and Health

## The Needless War On Tonsils

DR. DAVID H. REEDER  
In "Herald of Health."

### SUGAR AND SURGERY

**I**T IS NOT because of the sugar shortage but of its over use that I wish to give you definite information. It is not because I object to surgery but to needless surgery, that I have sought for and found a better way.

Nature is exceedingly kind to those who know and respect her laws. She punishes, without respect to wealth or station, those who refuse to follow the simple and practical laws of their own physical well-being.

I am convinced that if a throat specialist wished to get rich rapidly, he could reap a golden harvest of surgical fees by supplying all the school children in his vicinity free of charge, an all-day-sucker for every day in the year.

I am convinced that artificial sugar used in cakes, candies, sauces, jams, jellies, etc., has caused more surgical operations for diseased tonsils than all other agencies.

I have been a teacher of dietetics and hygiene to the students of medical colleges and to the laity for over a quarter of a century. When lecturing in a medical college, I naturally must give a reason and explain in a detailed and scientific way the why and the wherefore. This would, perhaps, be dull and uninteresting to you.

To prove my position, I teach the laity or the person that suffers, how to overcome the suffering by his own efforts, and I try to make the method so thoroughly reasonable, safe and practical that anyone able to read and reason may easily and without serious inconvenience prove the remedies upon himself or upon his loved ones.

The throat specialist is not to be blamed because he finds your tonsils full of crypts, or holes, or so terribly diseased or decayed that

pus is expressed by the pressure of food every time you swallow. The fault is yours. His job is to find out what is the matter with you and why your arms "go to sleep" every night, why your finger joints are enlarged and twisted out of shape, why you have lumbago or inflammatory rheumatism; why your child is pale and listless, makes no progress at school and is constantly suffering with colds and sore throat.

Because, that is his job as a specialist! He examines the throat and that is enough so far as he is concerned; surgery—cut out the diseased tonsils. True, they are the best little policemen in the body, but in the discharge of their duty they have been crippled so badly that they are unable to guard the highway of life; they have become anarchists and are constantly spreading poison through the entire body. They are a menace, source of infection, and the surgeon says to not try to restore them to usefulness—remove them.

This surgeon must admit that no other gland or policeman can be had to take the job, but better none than this kind, and if it is true that the diseased tonsils can not be cured, then his advice is sound and they must come out. His argument, "remove the cause and the cure will follow naturally," is also sound, but, are they the cause? Why did the tonsils become diseased?

If the diseased tonsils and the adenoid growth are removed, does it remove the cause?

The tonsils are very, yes, exceedingly useful and necessary. They are capable of performing their normal duty so long as the body, of which they are a part, lives, and it will live longer and in greater comfort if they remain a part of it and are not overburdened with work.

The normal food of man is fruit and nuts. To these may be added without detriment roots

and vegetables. The starchy food of grains is the normal food of birds, but not of man, although when used as nature provides it, man can appropriate it to his advantage. Bread has been called the "Staff of Life," but the staff made out of fine, white, starchy flour and called bread is really a club, not a staff.

I spoke of artificial sugar; by this I mean the sugar of commerce, the kind that is causing so much unfavorable comment about profiteers. This is artificial sugar, and of this artificial sugar the people of the U. S. are the greatest consumers in the world. We also have more surgical operations for the removal of tonsils than any other people in the world.

How many have at any time connected the enormous increase in operations for the removal of tonsils and adenoids with the enormous increase in the consumption of sugar and candy? Dr. George Starr White of Los Angeles, California, is, so far as I have learned, the only other man who has suggested such a cause.

Yes. I see you making signs of distress. You want to know what is natural sugar, if the kind you have been using all your life is artificial. Well, suppose you let a real, live, healthy lot of outdoor children decide the matter. Will they have luscious figs, dates, grapes and raisins, or granulated sugar? Will they have honey or corn syrup on their whole wheat cakes? In these fruits and in honey there is real, natural sugar.

Just try it for a week and see what a lot of real nature children will do to a bushel of nuts, a barrel of apples, a few heads of raw cabbage, a plentiful supply of raw carrots, lettuce, onions, cucumbers, tomatoes, ground cherries, bananas, and all the rest of the good things that are best eaten raw.

With a wild whoop and a hurrah they will come from their outdoor games with ravenous appetites and if these natural foods are freely supplied you need have no fears of a raid on your precious old jam, cookies, cakes, candies and other baby killers; and when it is meal time and you insist on their going through the most terrible ordeal of boy life, washing the hands and face clean, then you will hear, "Well, mother dear, I'm not hungry. Please let me

play just a little while longer."

If the throat specialist will clean the crypts or other diseased and pus producing parts of the tonsils every day for a few weeks, use cold compresses and a few simple non-poisonous herb remedies for taking out the inflammation and eliminating the accumulated poisons, prescribe a diet along the lines I have indicated; the tonsils and adenoids will not only cease to trouble, but will quickly be restored to a normal, healthy condition.

When this process of cure is followed you get at and remove the cause, and nature, given a chance, quickly does the curing.

Every atom of your present body has passed into it through your mouth. Nature provided you with five different methods of determining what shall go into the wonderful laboratory which changes raw cabbage into raw meat, blood and bones and pronounces it man. With the sense of sight you see the delicious fruit on the tree. The sense of touch has taught you to reach forth your hand and get it. The sense of smell tells you it is pleasant and the sense of taste confirms the verdict of the other three. The ear hears the water gurgling in the brook and guides you to the pure, sparkling spring.

Nature has equipped the mouth with a most excellent means of preparing, classifying and separating wholesome food for the chemical changes which must quickly take place as it passes on to other parts of the laboratory.

As the teeth grind it to a liquid pulp certain elements are poured out into it, and the process of changing starchy matter into dextrin and grape sugar is started.

If acids and artificial sugar are mixed, as they usually are in the average dinner, the process of normal digestion is interfered with; acid fermentation takes the place of digestion and whenever this fermentation occurs, gas is developed—and, well, you know something about it perhaps, from experience—bloating, palpitation of the heart, pains, rumbling and grumbling, sleepless nights, noisy and disgusting expulsion of flatus, and a grouch next morning.

About, face! Determine to conquer your dietetic crimes against health. Eat right, feel right, feel well and be well.

## Menus from Mt. Ecclesia

### —BREAKFAST—

Apple Sauce	Rye Gems
Corn Meal with Cheese	
Milk	Cereal Coffee

### —DINNER

Potato and Onion Soup  
 Rice Au Gratin  
 Eggs with Celery  
 Tomato Toast  
 Whole Wheat Bread—Milk

### —SUPPER—

Fruit Salad  
 Olive and Pimiento Sandwiches  
 Soft Chocolate Cookies  
 Milk

## Recipes

### *Rye Gems*

One cup sour milk, two tablespoons brown sugar, one egg, one tablespoon shortening, one-half cup rolled oats and enough rye flour to make a stiff batter; one-half teaspoon soda. Bake in oiled gem pan in hot oven.

### *Rice Au Gratin*

Wash three-fourths cup of rice through several waters, drop into rapidly boiling salted water and cover. Continue boiling for 15 to 20 minutes, then remove cover and allow the water to gradually cook out, leaving rice dry and fluffy. Place in a baking pan, mix in lightly one cup grated cheese, one cup rich milk or cream and dot with butter. Bake until nicely browned.

### *Olive and Pimiento Sandwiches*

To one-half cup finely minced olives add one tablespoon grated cheese and one tablespoon finely minced pimiento. Mix well and spread on thin slices of rye bread which have been lightly buttered.

### *Corn Meal With Cheese*

Cook enough corn meal to spread thin over two pie plates and put dabs of butter on it. Cut the corn meal in both plates into ten triangular pieces. Grate the cheese, sprinkle it thickly over the butter and sprinkle paprika over it. Lay a second layer of corn meal over the first, taking care to see that each slice fits exactly over the slice under it. Spread butter on the

corn meal, grate cheese over it, and bake in a very hot oven until cheese is soft.

### *Eggs With Celery*

Cut celery into one inch lengths, wash thoroughly, cover with boiling water and simmer until tender. Drain, saving the water for soup stock or another dish. Stir two tablespoons of butter and two tablespoons of flour together and add one cup of milk. When thickened, add the celery with one tablespoon of salt and one saltspoon of paprika. Keep hot over water. Have ready half a dozen rounds of hot buttered toast on a hot platter. Poach five eggs. Put one egg on each toast round and pour the celery sauce over it. Serve very hot.

### *Soft Chocolate Cookies*

One-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup syrup, six tablespoons shortening, one egg. Cream and then add one-half cup cocoa, one-half cup milk, two teaspoons baking powder, four cups flour, one teaspoon cinnamon. Work to a dough and then roll. Cut and bake in a moderate oven for eight minutes. Cool and cover with a damp cloth for three minutes. Store in an air-tight container.

### *Tomato Toast*

Heat two tablespoons oil, brown in it one to two tablespoons onions cut fine; then add two tablespoons flour, one-quarter cup peanut butter, one teaspoon salt, paprika, three cups tomato. Cook to thicken, season, and serve on squares of toast.

## The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

San Francisco, Calif., Jan. 28, 1921.  
Dear Friends:

I am just carried away with joy and thanksgiving at feeling so much better in health. I am quite free from that depressed feeling, and so happy over it. I did not believe that anyone could improve so very much in a short time.

My gratitude is beyond words.

Yours sincerely,  
A. C.

Milton, N. Y., March 13, 1920.

Dear Friends:—My swelling is much reduced. On March 6th between 8 and 8:15 p. m., it seemed as if *invisible (to me) hands were working with the lump*.

I felt a sensation somewhat like that of massage and am forced to believe the treatment came from your healing department.

Gratefully yours, I. F. W.

Long Beach, Calif., Jan. 1, 1921.

Dear Fellowship:

I am having a great improvement in my health.

*I have stopped smoking and I am getting along just fine without it.*

I wish to give you my hearty thanks for your services and wish you a pleasant New Year.

R. H.

Healing Department:

Dear Ones:

Workers with and for the Master, you who are the visible forms of an endless stream of invisible vitality and life and who so freely give out this vitality and life to all who ask it of you—I bless you for benefits given to us. We are both enjoying the evening study hour with Cosmo-Conception and Mysteries, and I am feeling much better. For many years I have tried to bless all the world with love (isn't it too bad that love should ever mean anything less than God?), but until the Cosmo came to me with its wonderful teaching there were so many unanswered questions; but now I begin to see the answers

and so I send to Ecclesia and all its workers, my blessings. Guyon says:

“Oh blessedness, all bliss above, when thy pure fires prevail!

Love only teaches what is love; all other lessons fail.”

I am, with love,  
M. C. T.

### HEALING DATES

March ..... 3—10—17—23—30

April ..... 7—13—20—27

May ..... 4—11—17—24—31

Healing meetings are held in the Pro Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the Zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 P. M. The virtue of the Cardinal Signs is dynamic energy which they infuse into every enterprise started under their influence, and therefore the healing thoughts of the helpers all over the world are endowed with added power when launched upon their errands of mercy under this cardinal influence.

If you would like to join in this work, sit down quietly when the clock in your place of residence points to the given hour: 6:30 P. M., meditate on Health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the restoration to health of all who suffer, particularly for those who have applied to Headquarters for relief.

At the same time visualize the Pro Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

We print herewith some letters from people who have been helped, also a list of dates on which Healing Meetings are held.

### CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM

A course of monthly letters and lessons is issued by the Rosicrucian Fellowship to aid those who wish to probe more deeply the Mystery of Life and Being. Upon request the General Secretary may admit students to the preliminary degree, but advancement in the higher degrees depends upon merit.



# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

## Impressions of Mt. Ecclesia

PATSEY ELLIS

**I**T IS NOT WISE to ride to Mt. Ecclesia. The best way is to walk—very, very slowly. Then you will not miss the music of the mountains or the greeting of the eucalyptus trees, and if you are very silent you may hear the whispers from the canyon and will understand that these woodland voices are heralds of the joys that are to be yours when you step within the gates. These tune your heart and soul, and when you come to the turn in the road, and the temple in its virgin whiteness appears before your delighted eyes, you will remember your prayer, "Oh, send out thy Light and thy Truth. Let them lead me. Let them bring me unto Thy holy hill and unto Thy tabernacles." This supplication is about to be granted. The Light and the Truth have led you. You are about to ascend the holy hill.

Many mornings I have walked to Mt. Ecclesia, and each day the way has grown dearer, more intimately sweet, like a beloved book, read and re-read until each page reveals some favorite passage. There are two paths to choose between when one enters the big gates. One leads past the chinaberry trees, the jolly tennis court, and the enchanted acacia tree. But there is something else it leads to—this is the office, and no matter how hard you try to scurry past, someone in there will say to you, "Oh, there you are! Don't you want to fold pamphlets?" or, "Oh, there you are! Don't you want to read copy?" or, "Oh, there you are! Don't you want to address envelopes?" So I go the other way.

Here is a charmed circle of geraniums, their arms tightly interlocked to protect a large star of Egyptian daisies, in whose center stands a wonderful cross, with a climbing rose twining lovingly round its outstretched arms. This spot is dedicated to the Easter service, and happy are the students who are fortunate enough to take part in this beautiful sacrament.

The library building looks charming just now. A big yellow-flowered vine has crawled upon the roof and lies there, flat as a lizard

basking in the sun. The Bougainvillea is just peeping over the top, and the nasturtiums are begging some one to help them up. They are very happy, these flowers at Headquarters. The children tell me that there are more fairies around Mt. Ecclesia than any place they have ever seen.

The library is always an interesting room. Here, lessons like Tennyson's little brook, just go on and on forever—lessons in astrology, the "Cosmo," oratory, etc.: and here strangers, unfamiliar with our philosophy, hear some puzzling discussions concerning such peculiar subjects as, "rising signs," and "vital bodies." The veranda is very alluring. The sun seems always to pour its kindest warmth down upon this little place. It would be a delightful nook in which to rest if one did not know conditions around here as well as I do. Soon, oh, very soon, some one would come along and say, "Oh, here you are! Don't you want to help tack a comfort?" or, "Oh, here you are! Don't you want to go on an errand for me?" "Can't a feller ever play hookey?" I grumbled to myself.

Then I remember an unfrequented hillside. From this hillside can be seen the most beautiful view in all the world. "There I will go," I say to myself. "Yes—though it is always slightly uncomfortable digging one's heels into the side to keep from falling into the canyon. "There I will sit and no one will say to me, 'Oh, there you are!' for if they do I will not be there, for I shall simply let loose and drop."

So there I went, and the most beautiful view in the world smiled "Good-morning" to me as I camouflaged myself into a bush and arranged my heels. The valley has a very satisfied look since the rains filled the river bed. There had been some worry about a drought, but now that is over and the "green fire of spring" has spread over the foothills. In the distance stands San Jacinto, holding the newly fallen snow as

if it were a precious burden. "Mount Fuji-yama" some one called it the other day; perhaps it is a sacred mountain, sacred by right of its noble age and transcendent loveliness. Serene as a summer cloud lies San Bernardino, and in the foreground rests graceful Palomar, whose long, long lines of grace and harmony suggest the unseen worlds of sound and color.

After my thoughts have been purified by communion with the silent mountains, I dare life my eyes to the Temple. For me it has not lost the wonder of Holy Night, when Beings, invisible to untrained sight, officiated at the dedication. There is an air of fragrant mystery about this beautiful temple of ours. So illusive, so ethereal, it seems that we sometimes have to look twice to make sure that our dreams have taken tangible shape at last. And if one listens deeply and prayerfully, one may hear the beat of countless white wings fanning the flame of love into a steady glow.

By and by I climb the hill and slip into the little chapel. "Peace be unto you," whisper the Voices. Very humbly I acknowledge the salutation and tiptoe to a seat in the corner, fold my hands, and close my eyes. "Rest," say the Voices; "Rest here and gather strength and peace. Forget the little worries of life. They are but a dream in the long pilgrimage of the soul. Peace! Rest!" And as tranquillity descends upon me, the spirit of the little chapel speaks, and I remember the countless sacrifices that have been made by others in order that I may enter here and enfold myself in this beautiful vibration of love. Here Mr. Heindel instructed his little flock, and how that "little flock" does love him, and enjoy talking about the little happening of his daily life, his triumphant courage, his divine compassion. His memory hovers over them like a benediction. Those who knew Max Heindel dare not fail.

After awhile I must go, so I tiptoe out, softly closing the door behind me. A flash of California sunlight wakens me to the busy life of every day, and I hurry down the path. From out of the kitchen door someone calls to me, "Oh, there you are! Wouldn't you like to help with the dishes?"

## THE STORY OF GYPSIE

(Continued from page 434)

what Gypsie would be doing next. If company were present and the child had her best white apron on, you might be sure she would suddenly come storming in with dishevelled hair and torn clothes, bringing some treasure which she had secured for Mother Elizabeth at the cost of all the labor of love which had been bestowed upon her to make her look nice. And yet it was pathetic to see her sorrow when she was brought to understand that instead of joy she had brought pain to the only one she cared for in this world.

She loved study, and had always ranked first in her school work. She did not make friends; she like most to roam through the meadows and forests alone. Neither was she a "sleeper," and early morning found her out among the flowers, of which she always brought large bunches home. Often would Mother Elizabeth shake her head and say, "I cannot understand the child. Mine never wanted to get up and this one never wants to be in bed. Mine were neat and orderly and liked to look pretty, this one does not care if she is in rags as long as she can run through the woods and hedges, with loose hair, all decked out with flowers."

(To be continued)

## The Training School For Lecturers

It has been decided to give a vacation in the Training School until March 1st. At that time Miss Mabel M. Kellogg of Berkeley, Calif., will take charge of the classes in public speaking, succeeding Dr. Hodges, who is to again take up his professional work.

Dr. Hodges has served us faithfully and well in the capacity of teacher of public speaking, and his many friends here wish him much success in his new field.

Miss Kellogg, who is to take up the public speaking work, is an experienced teacher of expression and voice culture and was a former student of the Cumnock School of Expression in Los Angeles.



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The wide scope of the book is indicated by the note on the title-page, in which it is stated to be "an elementary treatise upon man's past evolution, present constitution and future development."

We give herewith some headings of chapters and subdivisions as a slight indication of what is contained in this mine of mystic light and knowledge.

## Rosicrucian Fellowship

*International Headquarters*

OCEANSIDE,

CALIFORNIA

### Partial List of Contents

#### PART I.

- The Visible and Invisible Worlds, with two diagrams.
- The Four Kingdoms, with two diagrams showing their vehicles and stage of consciousness.
- Man and the Method of Evolution. Spirit, Soul and Body; Thought, Memory and Soul-growth. The conscious, subconscious and super-conscious minds. The science of death, the beneficence of purgatory, life in heaven; preparation for re-birth.
- Re-birth and the Law of Consequence. Wine as a factor in evolution. An authentic story proving re-birth.

#### PART II.

- The Relation of Man to God, with diagram.
- The Scheme of Evolution. A general outline, with diagram of the Seven World Periods.
- The Path of Evolution. Cosmic Days of active work and Cosmic Nights of passive contemplation.
- The Work of Evolution. How the Cherubim, Seraphim, Archangels and Angels helped.
- Genesis and Evolution of Our Solar System. Chaos the seedground of Cosmos; Birth of the Planets, Planetary Spirits.
- Evolution of the Earth. The Moon, the eighth sphere of retrogression. Birth of the Individual, Separation into Sexes, Lucifer Spirits and the Fall, Sixteen Paths to Destruction.

#### PART III.

- Christ and His Mission. "Peace on Earth" and "Not Peace, but a Sword." The Star of Bethlehem, the heart an anomaly, the Mystery of Golgotha and the cleansing blood.
- Future Development and Initiation. The Symbolism of the Caduceus, Alchemy and Soul-growth.
- The Method of Acquiring First-hand Knowledge. Western Methods for Western People, Esoteric Training, how the inner vehicle is built.
- The Constitution of the Earth and Volcanic Eruptions.
- Christian Rosenkreuz and the Order of Rosicrucians. The Rosicrucian Initiation.